

GOLD and RADIUM are HIDDEN in to-day's "Daily Mirror." See page 6.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 34.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1903.

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NO MAN NOW EXPECTS to carry on his trade or profession without a proper supply of authorities on his special department, and among such authorities the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is usually found to take the first place. It is almost too obvious to be worth noting that every professional woman needs as good an equipment as a man who follows the same profession. To women teachers, doctors, journalists, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," giving the newest and best work on so many subjects, is evidently a necessary "tool of trade."

But it is gradually coming to be realised that women who live at home need just as good an equipment as do their professional sisters. The satisfactory conduct of a household is a matter of science and requires brains and knowledge, method and science like everything else. Take the ordinary routine for a single day of the mistress of the house. There are meals to be ordered. The days are long past when any food was good enough so long as it was plentiful and palatable. The strain on the working members of the family make it absolutely necessary that the food should be the most nutritive possible, should supply the raw material on which all brain work in the end turns. There are some trifling repairs to be seen to in the house—a flue out of order or a pipe bursts. How is its mistress to know if the repairs are being carried out in the best way? Then, perhaps, in addition, interviews with the gardener and the dress-maker. There is a boy growing up, and working at one of the examinations placed at the entrance of his career—tests that grow stiffer every year. How can a woman whose school education lies twenty years behind her help him with his work? Only if she has a work of reference beside her where information is carefully indexed, so as to be available with the least possible waste of energy.

Or is it holiday time, and amusements are under consideration. Every member of the household has probably his own hobby and requires information on it, but it seems impossible to have books on all of them. Or again, perhaps the ordinary routine is upset and there is accident or illness.

Now this means that the stay-at-home, married woman, until lately supposed to need such a slight stock of knowledge, must apparently, if she is to carry out her day's work satisfactorily, either be an authority on such widely varying subjects as cooking, adulteration, dietetics, hygiene, sanitation, nursing, first aid, horticulture, dress, amusements varying as widely as hockey, photography, and whist. This is obviously impossible, and in the case of people of ordinary means the alternative of a library complete on all these various subjects is also impossible. But the "Encyclopædia Britannica" covers all these questions, settles the hundred and one dilemmas that harass the everyday woman, and it is not outside the range of small incomes. It can be had to-day for a preliminary payment of 21s. (which secures immediate delivery of the books), to be followed by instalments so small that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has been bought by persons with incomes of only £65 a year. And this is not a luxury, it is part of the necessary equipment for your daily routine, an indispensable instrument in the orderly management of life. But the 19th of December (only next week) is the end of the opportunity. Yet there is no guarantee that the end will not come earlier for the very simple reason that the rush for copies is so great that there is every possibility that the stock may be exhausted before that date. Post your order to-day, and you are sure of obtaining your prize, delay and you may miss your opportunity.



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Our special forecast for to-day is: Squally south-westerly winds; changeable and rather mild; occasional rain with bright intervals.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.19.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, rough; North Sea and Irish Channel, moderate to rough.

344th Day of Year.

Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903.

21 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The King has approved the appointment of the Rev. William Hartley Carnegie to the rectory of St. Philip's, Birmingham, void by the translation of the Suffragan Bishop of Coventry to the See of Manchester.

The Postmaster-General has notified the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce that arrangements have been made for telephonic communication between Lancashire and various French towns.

The body of Mr. Herbert Spencer is to be cremated at Golder's Green Crematorium, but no date has been fixed.

During a day's shooting at Lord Wolverton's Dorset seat, in which the Prince of Wales took part, 2,536 head of game were killed, including 1,137 pheasants and 1,5/2 rabbits.

The Royal Free Hospital authorities will decide next Wednesday to whom the £100 reward for the discovery of the body of Miss Hickman will be paid.

Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., who underwent an operation on Friday last, and was progressing favourably, has had a sudden relapse, and his condition is reported to be critical.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is lying seriously indisposed at Lexden Park, Colchester.

As a result of over-exertion and of a chill contracted whilst out walking, Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., is again confined to his rooms at Falmouth.

At the Vale of Aylesbury Christmas Fat Stock Show yesterday, Lord Rosebery took the first prize of five guineas for a fat beast.

The Holborn Borough Council have appointed Miss Lovibond, formerly in the employ of the Rochdale Corporation, sanitary inspector.

A post graduate course for the training of teachers for secondary schools will be commenced in January next at the London Day Training College, under the auspices of the London County Council and the University of London.

The Liverpool Cotton Market was nervous yesterday. Prices closed at from four and a half to seven advance, and twelve points above the lowest of the day.

Dr. George S. Barrett, of Norwich, ex-chairman of the Congregational Union, who was taken seriously ill last week, is somewhat better.

The West Lancashire Freemasons yesterday decided that the money subscribed during the next five years be devoted to the erection of the Chapter-house, Liverpool Cathedral, as a memorial to the late Earl Lathom.

Damage to the extent of about £7,000 was done by fire yesterday to the Free Town Mills, Bury, owned by Messrs. Samuel Renshaw and Sons, cotton-waste spinners and manufacturers.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in opening the Glasgow Industrial Exhibition yesterday, said that exhibitions were a counter-attraction with some classes to the everlasting public-house.

The Board of Education has determined to establish a post of Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools. The Marquis of Londonderry, President of the Board, has selected Mr. W. C. Fletcher, Headmaster of the Liverpool Institute, for the post.

Nearly 5,000 tons of coal were shipped at Cardiff for Port Arthur last month.

The way in which the winner of the Radium Prize went to work is described on page 5.

Foreign.

The reports which have appeared in the Berlin Press to the effect that the health of the Emperor Nicholas is inspiring anxiety are declared on good authority (Reuter's St. Petersburg correspondent states) to be quite unfounded. The Tsar's condition, Reuter adds, is entirely satisfactory.

The British Parliamentary party left Lyons yesterday. Mr. Louis Sinclair, in an interview said he would like to see Members of Parliament of other nationalities unite with the British and French legislators in their efforts to establish arbitration courts. The company visited Dijon in the afternoon.

King Carlos yesterday visited Rear-Admiral Sir W. H. Fawkes, commanding the cruiser squadron at Lisbon, on board H.M. flagship Good Hope, and took luncheon on board.

The death is announced of the well-known German financier, Herr Adolf von Hansmann, who was at the head of the Disconto Gesellschaft Banking House and the German New Guinea Company.

The British residents at Tientsin are indignant because they will not be allowed to receive British newspapers through the British Post Office by the Siberian route.

King Alfonso of Spain left Madrid for Lisbon last evening.

A witness before the Humbert affair commission has stated that the papers of the family are concealed at Perpignan, in the East Pyrenees. The question of a search has been referred to the Government.

The Danish Parliament has adopted a proposal to raise the payment of members of the House from 6s. 8d. to 11s. 1d. per diem for the first six months of the session.

The famous Rings or Boulevards of Vienna, as well as the principal thoroughfare, Kärntner Strasse, have been for the first time lit with electric light.

General Count de Cornulier-Lucinière, of the French Army, has been ordered to be tried by court-martial for sending to the Press an insulting letter on the policy of the Government.

A mass meeting in favour of the Macedonians will be held at Belgrade on Sunday. M. Saraffoff will be present.

The Austrian Premier has refused to interfere with the sentence of expulsion passed on Djedvet Bey, physician to the Ottoman Embassy at Vienna, stating that the measure is due to an assault committed by the doctor on the Turkish ambassador.

The death is announced of Cardinal Herrero, Archbishop of Valencia, Spain.

The President of Haverford College, U.S.A., has received an invitation from Lord Harris on behalf of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse, and other public schools to send a cricketing team to England next summer.

The Bulgarian leader Saraffoff is said to be coming with General Zontscheff to London in order to confer with English friends.

Bankruptcy proceedings against Dowie have been dropped, and his followers at Zion City are jubilant.

A sixth attempt was made yesterday to float the wrecked cruiser Flora. The ship was dragged six feet towards deep water.

Severe fighting is reported from Damot, Somaliland, between a party of friendlies and an advanced post of the Mullah, the enemy suffering heavy loss.

Political.

It is understood that a further meeting of the Cabinet has been summoned for to-morrow at noon.

The Duke of Devonshire has promised to attend a demonstration at Liverpool on January 19, under the auspices of the Free Food League.

Mr. Chamberlain has stated, in reply to Mr. Winston Churchill's remarks respecting the probable position of postal servants under the proposed fiscal changes, that he has shown in his speeches that the proposals would increase employment in every class of labour.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shipway, President of the Chiswick Conservative Association, has stated that he views with the utmost anxiety the split caused in the local Unionist party by Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

Speaking at Leeds last night, Sir Edward Grey said if the Government remained in office it would have to answer the indictment of the War Commission Report, and the Education Act must be amended during the next few years.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, speaking at Hawick last night, said that, although a convinced free trader, he recognised it was absurd to live in a fool's paradise and pretend there was nothing wrong with our commerce.

At Rochester last night Lord Salisbury urged the desirability of finding some middle course on the fiscal policy, which would maintain the unity of the Unionist party.

A deputation representing 2,350 working men of Newport, Mon., attended Dr. Rutherford Harris's meeting at East Dulwich last night with a message recommending the Conservative candidate to Dulwich workers.

Law and Police Courts.

Sentences varying from seven years' to nine months' imprisonment were passed at the Liverpool Assizes yesterday on eight men for an organised attack on policemen, who were seriously injured.

At Leeds Assizes yesterday, John Gallagher, labourer, and Emily Swann, mill hand, were sentenced to death for the murder of William Swann, the husband of the female prisoner.

Mathilde Bessin, a Frenchwoman, was charged at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday with having stolen a watch worth £20 from her mistress, Lady Wallcourt. She was remanded for enquiries to be made from the French police.

KOREA MENACED.

Russian Naval Squadron at Chemulpo.

QUESTION OF A PORT.

Reported Threat to Land Troops.

Following quickly yesterday's news that an agreement had been practically arrived at between Russia and Japan, comes the following somewhat disquieting telegram despatched last night by Reuter's correspondent at Tokio:—

"A strong Russian squadron of eight ships, including two battleships, has arrived at Chemulpo, for the purpose, it is supposed, of emphasising Russian opposition to the proposed opening of Yonampoh.

"It is stated that the Russians threaten to land 3,000 men and march on Seoul, should Korea disregard their warning."

There is, of course, nothing extraordinary in a Russian squadron arriving at Chemulpo at this time of the year. Owing to the ice-bound condition of Russian Far Eastern ports, her ships generally winter in more southern latitudes, and Korea and Japan afford the most convenient anchorages.

What makes the fact significant, however, is the history of Yonampoh.

History of the Dispute.

The Russians were stated some time ago to be throwing up fortifications there. The United States demanded of Korea the opening of the place, which has considerable strategic value, to the world's trade, and the Russian Government has shown strenuous objection to the concession of the demand.

About a fortnight ago the Russian Minister at Seoul, the Korean capital, addressed a very strong note to the Korean Government, declaring that if Korea, ignoring all warnings, persisted in opening Yonampoh, Russia would take action.

The Korean Government replied that Russian interference in this matter was an infringement of Korea's sovereign rights, and that she objected strongly. The idea of Korea, an empire *pour rire*, with a fleet consisting of one ship, occasionally used for trade, and a perfectly useless army, returning such an answer to the Tsar is, of course, absurd, without admitting the hypothesis that the Korean Government was prompted by a great Power.

America and Japan, presumably, backed her, and a Russian coup, if persisted in, might therefore have serious developments.

Chemulpo, where the squadron has arrived, is only a few miles from the capital, with which it is connected by a railway.

It is significant in this context that a lively interchange of telegrams has been passing between Tokio and Washington lately, but they have ceased during the last two days. It is thought certain, says a St. Petersburg despatch to a German newspaper, that highly important negotiations have been passing between the United States and Japan.

These may, of course, have reference only to the general question, on which an agreement is said to have been reached, or they may have had regard to the specific matter of Yonampoh.

The Reported Agreement.

Meanwhile there is no direct confirmation from Tokio of the announcement made yesterday that Japan and Russia had practically settled their differences.

The statement was that Russia acknowledged the chief pretension of her rival, the claim of predominance in influence in Korea, and agreed, with certain reservations as to coast defences and naval stations, to Japan exercising a protectorate over the Peninsula. On the other hand, Russia demands freedom of trade in Korea, and the acknowledgment of Russian concessions there.

The rumours that Russia has sent her reply are declared in Tokio (says Reuter) to be premature.

HONOURING CHAUCER.

The Guildhall Library is the richer for a work of art executed by Mr. Frampton, the sculptor, whose bust of Chaucer, presented to the Corporation by Sir Reginald Hanson, was unveiled yesterday afternoon.

The occasion was chiefly remarkable for a characteristic little speech delivered by that grand old veteran, Dr. Furnivall, one of the

greatest students of English literature of this age.

Racily enough he recounted how Chaucer was a Cockney of Cockneys, born in Thames-street, and a scholar of St. Paul's, in those days the leading City school. A poet, a soldier, an esquire to the King, a diplomatist, Customs House officer, a member of Parliament, Chaucer, said Dr. Furnivall, ranked second to Shakespeare in the history of English letters, and as fourth only to Dante, Homer, and Shakespeare in the whole world.

He deplored that the Guildhall had no outward and visible sign of London's four great poets. Chaucer, whose memory was honoured to-day; Spenser, who was born in East Smithfield, and educated at the Mercer's School; Shakespeare, who would never have come into his own had it not been for London; and Milton, who was born in Breadstreet, Cheapside.

Lord Avebury, the Poet Laureate, Dr. Garnett, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Lord Mayor, and various City dignitaries were present at the ceremony.

SPENDTHRIFT'S SCHEME.

Villainous Attempt at Extortion from a Millionaire.

A Milan telegram gives an account of a cold-blooded scheme by which a ruined spendthrift intended to extort money from a wealthy friend and afterwards to murder him.

Hard pressed for money, the Chevalier Vecchio found a pretext for inducing Signor Berretta, a millionaire, who had regarded him as a friend, to visit a lonely villa on the outskirts of the city.

But immediately Signor Berretta had entered the house he was set upon and bound down in a chair, after which the Chevalier, revolver in hand, made him sign several cheques of £400 each, write letters announcing his own suicide, and make a will bequeathing to him (the Chevalier Vecchio) the sum of £120,000.

The Chevalier then left to prepare an alibi, having given his servant instructions to murder Signor Berretta, and to throw the corpse into a canal.

But Signor Berretta made the servant an offer of such a large reward to set him free that the latter consented, and the millionaire returned safely to Milan, where he gave information to the police, with the result that the Chevalier's brother, who was also a party to the murder plot, and the servant have been arrested. The Chevalier has not yet been secured.

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY SINKING.

Lord Stanley of Alderley, who has been seriously ill for the past fortnight, is sinking fast at Alderley Park, his Cheshire seat.

HUMAN CLEARING HOUSE WANTED.

Major W. E. Evans-Gordon, M.P., who has taken a prominent part in bringing the alien immigration question before the public, says he has been consulted by the Government on the subject.

"The need for legislation," he declares, "is getting more and more acute every day. There are 100,000 aliens in the East End at the present time. Twelve shiploads of foreign immigrants are dumped on the East End every week. Some of these people, it is true, are merely passing through the country, but a large percentage remains here. Those who remain are the people America will not have. What will be the condition of affairs in the East End ten years from now at the present rate of increase? Whole districts in the East End are being monopolised by the aliens.

"What is wanted is, first, a human clearing house or, in other words, compulsory examination of all immigrants, and two or three years' supervision" after arrival."

LORD OF THE FOREST SHOT.

There was an unusual and rather pathetic stag hunt in Windsor Great Park yesterday morning.

One of the finest stags in the royal herd was shot and afterwards forwarded to a London naturalist, who will prepare it for the zoological collection being formed at the University College of North Wales at Bangor.

As soon as it was daylight the royal keepers started on their expedition. The noble stag, with magnificent antlers, was found, but it scented danger, and some time elapsed before the keepers were able to approach near enough to shoot the kingly animal.

When wounded he leapt into the air. After a vain attempt to join his companions he fell, his great eyes rolling pathetically, and turned over on his side and died.

A huge wooden crate was fetched to receive the body, which was conveyed on a timber carriage to the station.

RAILWAY OUTRAGE.

Woman's Desperate Plight in a Tunnel.

HER ASSAILANT ESCAPES.

On Tuesday evening Miss Eva Adelaide Goss, the eldest daughter of Mr. William H. Goss, J.P., a manufacturer of Stoke-on-Trent, returning home by the 6.48 p.m. train from Alsager, entered an empty second-class compartment.

Alone in the carriage, she was undisturbed till, just before the train had entered the Newcastle-under-Lyne tunnel, she became aware of a man moving on the footboard outside.

He opened the door of the compartment and entered, observing that he had all but missed the train at Harecastle Station a minute since. Miss Goss replied that it was foolish of him to have risked an accident. He was dressed like a labourer, and looked about twenty-five or thirty years old.

Miss Goss soon saw from his manner that the intruder was hardly a safe person to be alone with in a long tunnel. She attempted to pull the communication cord, but the man grabbed at her and tried to throw her down.

In the Tunnel.

In vain she appealed to him to let her go, but he took no heed. Fortunately, Miss Goss is something of an athlete, and, putting out her whole strength, she twice managed to reach the communication cord, but each time her hand was wrenched away. Then she tried to leave the train, but this the brute prevented, saying that he would throw her out of the carriage window if she resisted any longer. Miss Goss, whose pluck and presence of mind reflect credit on her sex, replied that she would prefer this to being knocked about.

The ruffian, now doubly enraged, struck her violently on the temple. Apparently bent on rendering her senseless, he rained blows on her face. He struck her so that she reeled, first to the carriage seat, then to the floor, and, as he bent over her, Miss Goss exerting all her remaining strength, seized hold of his neckerchief and tried to strangle him.

At the end of her resources, Miss Goss now begged again for mercy, saying that her assailant could have everything she possessed, her purse, her jewellery, everything, if he would only let her go.

The man asked for her purse, and when told that it was in a small satchel attached to her dress, tore the bag away, opened it, pocketed the money, stepped out of the carriage, jumped on the moving train, and disappeared into the darkness.

The tunnel had now been passed, the lights of Chatterley Station blinked through the night, and, when Longport Station was reached, the train at last pulled up.

The driver and the guard, it appears, had both noticed that the communication cord had been pulled, but, as the train was in the tunnel, the driver did not apply the brakes, running instead to Longport Station.

No sooner had the train stopped than Miss Goss informed the officials of what had happened. She presented a pitiable appearance. Her face was bruised and swollen, one eye was closed and discoloured, and a cheekbone badly damaged; her clothes were torn out of all recognition. She was in such an evident state of collapse that one of the station staff travelled with her as far as Stoke, where she was removed to her home in a cab.

A night's careful nursing has done much to alleviate the nervous distress from which Miss Goss is suffering, and yesterday she showed a marked improvement.

Ex-Railway Man Suspected.

Different theories as to Miss Goss's assailant have been formulated. By some he is believed to be a dangerous lunatic who escaped from Cheddleton Asylum on Tuesday afternoon. The local police, however, have a different explanation. They believe the ruffian to be an ex-railway man, because of his familiarity with the train service and his nimbleness in boarding and jumping off. Several similar outrages occurred last winter, especially in connection with the Manchester pantomime excursion trains.

Miss Goss described the man as:—Between twenty-four and thirty years of age, of medium build, wearing a tweed jacket, and a coloured handkerchief tied round the neck in a sailor's knot.

A reward of £100 has been offered for his arrest.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH.

The first test match between Mr. P. F. Warner's team of English cricketers and an eleven representing All Australia will be played at Sydney to-morrow. Knight, Fielder, and Strudwick will, states Reuter, be in all probability omitted from the English team. The weather in Sydney is, however, very unsettled, and in the event of the pitch being slow the constitution of the side may be altered.

The Englishmen have done so well in their matches against the Australian States that they are hopeful of the result in the first of the great contests.

DAMAGES AGAINST TRUSTS.

The Federal Circuit Court of Appeal at Cincinnati has decided that persons and corporations obliged to pay excessive prices to trusts are entitled to punitive or triple damages under the anti-trust law.

THE "CURSE" OF OATMEAL.

Scottish Medical Men Rally to its Defence.

In spite of the fulminations just delivered by a West End doctor of Scottish nationality against oatmeal porridge, Scotland remains calm. "If it had been Mr. Crosland," it says, "we could understand."

Oatmeal porridge, the Scottish doctors agree, is no food for sedentary Cockneys who forego the necessary exercise that induces digestion, who are unacquainted with the secrets of preparation, and who ruin its effectiveness by drenching it with tea as soon as it has arrived at its destination. But for braw Scots lad or lassie there is nothing to equal it.

One Northern medico even goes so far as to speak contemptuously of "the average town diet of so-called meat, potatoes, and bread" contrasting it, greatly to its disadvantage, with the Scottish national dish.

The numerous advertisers of patent cereal preparations have yet to be heard upon this fascinating and all-absorbing topic.

THE FAT BOY'S SCHOOL.

How the Prodigy of Peckham will Learn his Letters.

Those benevolent souls who have been exercised as to the prospects of Master John Trundle, the Peckham infant phenomenon, may rest content.

John's education is not to be neglected. If his too, too solid flesh does not hamper him, he may yet become Senior Wrangler.

John, who weighs ten stone at six years of age, is at present on a music-hall tour in the provinces with his father, who always holds young Hopeful by the hand when he treads the creaking boards. The School Board officials in his native borough understand that a private tutor is to be engaged to instruct John in the three R's. Out of his £40 a week he can well afford this luxury. If John declines to squander his hard-earned pocket money for such dull ends, the educational authorities north of the Tweed may be trusted to take steps to induce him to reconsider his decision.

Meanwhile his singular case is under discussion. It is a mistake to suppose that the boy has been refused admission to the local Board school. He is only just old enough to attend, and has only lost a few weeks' schooling owing to the impossibility of squeezing his bulky person into any available desk. Should John desire, on completing his triumphal progress, to continue to reside in Peckham, the School Board is willing to provide a desk of suitably Brodingtonian proportions, where he may sit with the other infants of the neighbourhood and learn his A B C like lesser mortals.

FRANCE REMEMBERS HIM.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Wednesday Night.

Germany's foremost financial genius, Adolf von Hausemann, died this morning at the age of seventy-eight. He played an historic rôle at the close of the Franco-German war. He was called to Versailles to advise Bismarck and the Kaiser as to the amount of indemnity to be paid by France.

The Kaiser, not quite aware of France's immense resources, thought £50,000,000 sufficient, but Hausemann insisted that five times that sum would be easily paid.

The indemnity was accordingly fixed at £250,000,000.

FEMALE APOSTLES OF TEMPERANCE.

The Women's Temperance League of Vienna has commenced sending out little hand-carts with hot non-alcoholic beverages to markets, factories, and building works, with the object of keeping the workmen away from the public-house.

NORWAY REJECTS FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The Norwegian Parliament (the Storting) is ungallant. It has, says Reuter, unanimously rejected the Bill conferring the franchise on women. Before the decision the President read a letter from the Woman's Suffrage Union expressing the hope that the Bill would be passed.

WHEN NOT TO SMOKE.

It is well not to smoke when attending to a motor-cycle. A resident of Grand-Hallaux, Luxembourg, was attending to his machine when a spark from his pipe fell in the petrol reservoir. An explosion followed by which the imprudent man was blinded, one of his children was killed, and three others terribly injured.

THE GRIP OF JEALOUSY.

A lady in a Paris street pointed out a man and woman to the police. "That man," she said, "has stolen my reticule. Arrest him."

The man was accordingly taken to the police station, where his accuser stated that she was his wife, and had only had him apprehended through jealousy. She then attacked the other woman, whom she held in a grip so strong that the police, to make her release her hold, had to burn her hands with a candle.

MESSAGES FROM THE SEA.

Striking Example of the Utility of the Marconi System.

In a heavy gale about noon on Tuesday the steering gear of the Red Star Transatlantic liner Kronland from Antwerp, bound for New York, became damaged, and her commander deemed it advisable to abandon the voyage westward and to shape a course for Queenstown, where she arrived early yesterday morning.

There were 900 passengers on board, and great disappointment was felt at the delay. Those travelling by saloon and second-class have been transferred to the White Star liner Teutonic, which leaves Queenstown for New York to-day. The 600 steerage passengers will be conveyed by a special steamer.

The advantages of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy were remarkably exemplified after the breakdown occurred. The Kronland was off the Fastnet at the time, and through the Marconi station at Crookhaven the captain was able at once to send messages to the chief agents of the American line at Antwerp and to obtain a reply instructing him to make for Queenstown.

Messages to their friends in various parts of the world were sent by three-fourths of the saloon passengers and a number in the second cabin. Replies were actually received from places on the Continent before the Fastnet was sighted, and before the Irish coast was in view replies had come from America.

Seven or eight passengers telegraphed to relatives for money, and replies were received in four instances authorising the purser to advance the amount required, and the money was paid over in each case to the passengers.

ORIGIN OF CANCER.

Dr. Morris's Suggestions for Future Research Work.

"The fact was that for the last ten or fifteen years cancer research had been too exclusively directed to laboratories and too little to cancer," said Dr. Morris, Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, lecturing at that institution last night on the origin of cancer.

The microbe theory, continued Dr. Morris, had not advanced one iota, whereas further facts had been discovered in support of the tumour germ theory.

The search had been too restricted to the problematical cancer organs. It was, however, well that all these bacteriological observations and experiments should be made. Such investigations, indeed, were beyond the means of either science workers or medical institutions, and needed to be undertaken by an organised body with relays of workers and sufficient funds at their command to provide for uninterrupted labours. The tumour germ theory had convinced them of the local origin of cancer and the possible curability of it if removed quite early and completely. In any case, they could reasonably hope and expect that the organised researches now being pursued by the colleges would in time yield much information as to how to prevent cancer by teaching them what were the real agencies which stimulated the tumour matrices into activity.

CLUB CHIMNEYS IN PICCADILLY.

The heating apparatus and kitchens of the St. James's Club in Piccadilly concentrated in a common flue that emitted a cloud of black smoke; consequently a sanitary inspector of the City of Westminster summoned the club, it being permissible for a private dwelling house to emit black smoke, but not for a business house or public institution.

A magistrate, who had heard the case, had decided that the club was a private dwelling house. The Lord Chief Justice, however, to whom the case was yesterday submitted, decided that no private dwelling house would emit smoke as this club emitted smoke, and ordered that the case be remitted back to the original magistrate with directions to convict.

MARRIAGE OF CORA LADY STRAFFORD.

Cora Lady Stafford was married yesterday afternoon at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Mr. Kennard, the well-known big game hunter. The wedding was private, but a number of friends of the happy couple were present.

The bride is an American of considerable beauty. She has one daughter, Miss Adele Colgate, the child of her first marriage. In 1898 she married the fourth Lord Stafford, who was accidentally killed soon after near Potters Bar. Mrs. Kennard, as she now becomes, possesses some beautiful jewels, chiefly pearls, of which her dog-collar is the most valued.

VIENNA'S OLDEST WOMAN.

Thérèse Kullar, the oldest woman in Vienna, celebrated her 104th birthday on Sunday. She is still sound in body and mind, and has lived in her present abode for more than a century.

The trustees of the Carnegie Institution at Washington have authorised the expenditure of £75,000 on scientific research during the ensuing year.

ROSES AND TRUSTS.

Will There Be a "Combine" in Attar of Roses.

There have been rumours of a threatened trust in attar of roses, which would, if successfully engineered, considerably increase the price of perfumes and scented necessities of the toilet.

A leading perfumer yesterday pointed out that the very finest attar comes from Turkey, and there, as well as in Bulgaria and France, small local trusts are constantly being formed.

A big Turkish trust may be practicable, but a general trust, says another Bond-street tradesman, is impossible, for the reason that attar is distilled in so many different countries.

Attar of roses is obtained from a large-petalled pink rose, called in France the "Mai" rose. Women gather the flowers and pull the petals, which are at once placed by men in the stills. Many hundreds of roses go to make one ounce of attar, which has anything but a pleasant odour in its undiluted state. Most of the best scents contain attar in their component parts, and thus the price of all scents fluctuates with the market price of the pure attar.

THE GENTLE FORGER.

Exemplary Home Life of a Desperate Criminal.

The home life of a forger is an interesting study, tending to prove the truth of Mr. Gilbert's philosophy as to the amiable private side of the burglar's character.

Schmidt, the king of forgers, just arrested in America, lived as a boarder in a London suburb under the name of Schneider.

He used to remain indoors almost constantly, and was most abstemious and particular as to his food. He complained of sleeping badly, and spent the greater part of the night pacing up and down his room.

On Sundays he dined with the landlady's family, and entertained them with anecdotes.

Nor was he deficient in natural affection. A baby was brought to the house. "I never," says a fellow lodger, "saw a baby so well provided for, and as it was a delicate child the father was mother, father, and a whole generation of grand-parents in one. Schmidt was miserably when the child was out of his sight, tending her night and day. He was the most devoted father I ever met. Then he got himself, and presently his secret leaked out, and it was known that he had received £500 from the Bank of England, who allowed him twenty-four hours to get out of England. A German girl came for the baby, and they all set off."

HOW LIKE A THIEF HE LOOKED.

"My face is my misfortune," was the despairing defence of a man charged yesterday at Clerkenwell Sessions with stealing £10 worth of property from the Rector of Spitalfields. He had been in the Army, and had suffered a year's imprisonment for assaulting an officer in the trenches during the Boer war.

"After I was released," he said, "everybody seemed to look at me as if I was a thief. My face was against me, and I was always unhappy, and I thought that if everybody took me for a criminal I might as well be one, because people distrusted me. And at last I gave way to temptation. I am sorry."

This statement seemed to be true. Four different people at the Vicarage, where the prisoner was employed to clean windows, had remarked how like a thief he looked.

The judge, to give him another chance, handed him over to the court missionary.

THE "TRUTH" DOLL SHOW.

The twenty-fourth annual "Truth" Doll Show will be held at the Albert Hall on Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Year after year, at Christmas, "Truth" has collected enough dolls and toys to provide a separate gift for every child in the hospitals, workhouses, and poor-law schools of London. There are 28,000 dolls and toys for distribution this year. The anonymous gentleman who annually gives 11,000 new sixpences for the children has again repeated his gift, and Mr. Tom Smith of Christmas cracker fame, has again given 27,000 crackers.

WOMEN LAWYERS IN AMERICA.

A spirited debate on the subject of women lawyers, held by the members of the New York Bar Association, resulted, after very close voting, in the rejection of an amendment for excluding women. Those opposed to women at the bar contend that the admittance of ladies would prove a check upon smoking, study, the habit of working in shirt-sleeves, etc.

ENGLISH BAZAAR IN PARIS.

A bazaar organised by the English colony in Paris was opened yesterday afternoon, the proceeds to be devoted to the building of a vicarage for the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau.

The stalls, which were elegantly decorated, were presided over by English ladies and their daughters, among them being Lady Monson, Mrs. de Bunsen, and Mrs. Bodington.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

The Popularity of the "Daily Mirror" Bureau.

Judge Emden's unsolicited testimonial to the value of the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau had a remarkable effect in increasing the number of applications from employers and persons seeking employment at 45, New Bond-street yesterday.

While the Bureau is satisfying the wants of a great many daily, it is evident that the number of mistresses in search of servants is greatly in excess of the number of servants who want situations.

If the Bureau had a thousand more servants on its register it is probable that no difficulty would be experienced in providing situations for them.

Judge Emden is not the only person who has been taking an interest in the establishment of the Bureau. Such institutions as the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, and the Girls' Friendly Society, also look upon it in a kindly fashion.

Against Bogus Agencies.

No one knows better than the philanthropic ladies who devote so much time and energy to the work of those societies the great difficulties which stand in the way of "suing" both mistress and maid; to say nothing of the dangers to which everyone is exposed through the existence of bogus agencies.

Thanks to the energetic action of Mrs. L. L. Yorke Smith and her Associated Guild of Registries, the bogus concerns are gradually disappearing. A strong hope, moreover, exists that the London County Council will be given authority to license and inspect registry offices.

Meanwhile the establishment of the *Daily Mirror* Bureau is hailed with satisfaction. The fact is recognised that the Bureau has a public status and is not dependent for its existence on fees. For the same reason it will never encourage a servant to leave one position in order to satisfy an unfortunate client who "must" have a servant "at once."

Friendly Societies.

"I cannot speak for my Association," said the secretary of the M.A.B.Y.S. yesterday, "but personally I look upon your Bureau as offering a hopeful contribution to the solution of the servant problem. I don't think the servants should be altogether free from the payment of fees, as the fact that they have to pay may contribute towards keeping them in one situation. At the same time, I am aware that some of the best offices do not charge fees to 'generals' and other servants who are much in demand. Mrs. Yorke Smith, who has been working so hard to improve the status of registry offices, will be much interested in your Bureau, and will no doubt quite agree with Judge Emden's remarks about the desirability of such an institution."

Similar good wishes were expressed by the secretary of the G.F.S. After explaining that only half the members of the Girls' Friendly Society are servants, the secretary of the Victoria-street institution stated that many of its members are already interested in the *Daily Mirror* Bureau and would be pleased to see it succeed.

MR. SPENCER'S TRUSTEES.

The date of the cremation of the late Mr. Herbert Spencer will yet be fixed, but most probably it will be on Saturday at Golders Green Crematorium.

The body will not be removed from Brighton until the day of cremation.

The trustees under Mr. Herbert Spencer's will are Mr. Auberon Herbert, Dr. Charlton Bastian, and Dr. David Duncan. The executors are Mr. Charles Holme, proprietor of the "Studio," and Mr. Frank Lott, of Burton-on-Trent.

Several French philosophical and social associations will probably be represented at Mr. Spencer's funeral. They propose to organise an imposing demonstration in Paris to mark their appreciation of the great work accomplished by the deceased philosopher.

A writer in the "Figaro" gives some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Herbert Spencer, whom he last saw in 1892.

Mr. Spencer then spoke of his fears that he would not be able to complete his life work. "I should like to be able to write 'Finis,'" he said, "but I must have fifteen more years to do that, and I shall not live so long."

CHEERFUL STOCK EXCHANGE.

Thanks to better news in regard to the dispute between Japan and Russia, and also to more sanguine feelings in the matter of the Money Market and the American demand for gold, the Stock Markets were quite cheerful yesterday. Consols led the way in the advance.

The new Johannesburg loan was quoted at 4 discount. This is because the public only applied for a trifle over a third of the amount offered, and the underwriters are left with the rest. They had at commission of 1 per cent. that they can very well afford to sell it to the public at a bigger discount than 4 per cent. This, however, it is thought, will prevent other important loans being offered to the public in the near future, which is no bad thing for the Stock Markets.

A pleasant surprise was a good array of traffic for the Home Railways, there being only one or two exceptions. Home Railway prices were all higher.

New York seemed inclined to continue taking profits in American Rails after the recent rise, though the market here was very strong in the morning. The settlement shows that most speculators are inclined to close their commitments, and that there exists a good deal of speculation for the rise. So that the position is not so healthy.

Canadian Railways kept firm. The long expected appearance of the Pacific 4 per cent. Debenture issue made its price 106. The company wants the money for its Atlantic steamship service and railway extensions, in practically equal proportions. It will be interesting to see how the issue goes after the Johannesburg fiasco.

CRUSADE AGAINST DULNESS.

"The Dancers" Aim Also at Poetry in Dress.

Among the many interesting purposes which the new "Fellowship of Dancers"—the league against melancholy, of which we have already published several particulars—has determined to achieve is a revolution in the world of dress. Woman's dress, says the "Fellowship," is apt to be prosaic, especially when the weather drives her into a succession of "tailor-mades." And man's dress has a still greater tendency to monotony.

This is altogether against the spirit of gaiety. When the art-educated members of the "Fellowship" volunteer a performance at some forthcoming social evening, they are not only expected to perform it with grace, but to appear "in simple and beautiful dresses," adapted historically, artistically, and symbolically to the purpose—historically as regards the period and nationality of the dance they have selected to perform; artistically, as assisting in the expression of the poetry of motion; and symbolically, as regards the atmosphere of gaiety to be denoted with the garment.

This matter of dress is quite charming the ladies, and since the "Fellowship" is expecting to find the greater number of its members among students of the arts and disciples of the muses, it anticipates the evolution of many beautiful and dreamlike robes.

Poor Man's Embarrassments.

Unfortunate man, who knows not how to thread a needle, nor on which finger to place a thimble, feels very differently about it. He has to study the matter when he discovers that his dance belongs to a period of togas or laminated loricae; or involves the cottas or acolytes' robes of the old religious dances that are so pregnant with weird and poetic movements.

And, says he, it isn't in the least a gay and light-hearted thing to find this all out; still less so to have to explain it to the tailor and pay the bill.

Besides, a man argues that "somehow he feels such a fool dressed up like an antediluvian, or some other creature." The ladies consolingly say they are sorry he feels like that, since he certainly doesn't look it a bit, but, even if he did, he can always comfort himself by falling back upon the eternal truth of that beautiful and poetic little chorus about "Do tell him I love him still."

Dress will certainly be a "new creature" when the "Fellowship" has achieved its full spread of gaiety.

ELEVEN MILES ABOVE EARTH.

A record balloon ascent has been made at Zurich, where a height of over eleven miles was reached in less than fifty minutes.

The balloon, of course, contained only registering instruments, as human beings could not live at that altitude. The instruments marked the temperature as 58 degs. below zero. Human existence seems to be impossible at a greater height than seven miles. That altitude has been reached on more than one occasion, but has not been passed. The difficulty is the cold and the rarefaction of the air.

A CHILD'S TRAGEDY.

A little girl, eleven years of age, named Milsom, whose body has been found in a clay pit in Victoria Park, Bristol, had been deeply affected by the death, a few months ago, of her mother, and it is supposed that she has committed suicide.

Standing on the edge of the clay pit with other schoolgirls some days ago, she exclaimed, "I wish I was in Heaven; mother is there. I would jump in only you are all here."

THE FLORA STILL AGROUND.

It has only been at the sixth attempt that any sign of success has rewarded the efforts to get the cruiser *Flora* off the Vancouver Island rocks. The ship was dragged six feet towards deep water yesterday, but as the Grif-ton's hawser and tow bits then carried away, no further attempt, Reuter says, will be made until the *Flora* has been entirely cleared of coal and fittings.

To-Day's Arrangements.

To-day's Wedding.

Mr. Norman Deakin, only son of the late Mr. G. H. Deakin, of Davenham House, Cheshire, and Miss Kate Eardley-Wilnot, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Eardley-Wilnot, at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, South Kensington, S.W., at 2.30.

General.

Princess Alexis Dolgorouki opens the Girls' Guild of Service Bazaar at the Portland Rooms, 2.

Lord Stathoupa presides at the banquet of the London Chamber of Commerce, Balmoral Rooms, Trocadero, 7.

The Lord Chief Justice presides at the London Athletic Club banquet, Empire Rooms, Trocadero, 7.

Royal Academy of Arts: Prize-giving, 9.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain at Halifax.

Concert at Bechstein Hall in the afternoon in aid of St. Margaret's and St. Philip's Settlements for the relief of the poor at Mile End and Rotherhithe.

Union Jack Club concert at the Queen's Hall, at 8.30.

"Our Navy" at the Polytechnic at 3.

RADIUM AND GOLD.

The Fortunate Seeker Receives His Treasure.

Yesterday a representative of the *Daily Mirror* had the pleasure of handing to Mr. W. S. Orr, of 7, Cleveland-road, Ealing, a tube of radium and a cheque for £50, the prize in the first treasure hunt announced in these columns on Tuesday last.

It was only by the merest chance, it appears, that Mr. Orr entered the treasure hunt at all. His wife handed him the *Daily Mirror* on Tuesday morning with the remark that there was an opportunity for the exercise of wits, apart from serious thoughts of securing the awards.

So Mr. Orr jotted down the figures as he read the paper through.

"I became interested as I progressed," he remarked, "and after reading from cover to cover, set to work to eliminate the figures which, in my judgment, were not intended to be included in the total. That was the most difficult part. Then I telegraphed the result. The whole proceeding occupied but a very little time. I was greatly surprised and pleased to find my name in the *Daily Mirror* as the winner of the prize."

Mr. Orr thinks that it would be a very good plan for the winners of the tubes of radium given by the *Daily Mirror* to band themselves together and present their tubes to some hospital. As he remarked, radium is too expensive a commodity to keep merely as a curiosity.

PLAYING THE ARISTOCRAT.

Fashionable Diary of a Supposed Adventuress.

"Lady Lefroy's" adventures have already been mentioned. The young servant who adopted that title appeared at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday on a charge of fraudulently obtaining credit from a letter of rooms at Hammersmith.

It has been told how she impressed the landlady with stories of her high connections, by showing her a hair-restorer advertisement in the form of a cheque, and by leaving about a diary detailing her engagements in the beau monde. Thus:—

Broken my arm out riding. This will stay my wedding.

Lady — came to see me.

Was going to Sandown, but had to attend an inquest instead.

Captain — allowed to see me to-day.

It raining again like the very deuce.

We shall never go to —, as it rains enough to put all the fires out there.

The girl had told the police a strange story of how she married a man she met casually at a church she did not recollect, and how he had run away. But as she had been in the habit of reading novelettes no one could tell where fiction ended and truth began in her statements.

Asked by the Judge whether the diary was fact or imagination, Lefroy smiled cheerfully and said: "They are just things I like to write—that's all."

His lordship sternly rebuked this levity, and remanded her for inquiries as to her mental state.

FINANCING "PASSIVE RESISTERS."

The following advertisement appears in the columns of a provincial newspaper:—

"PASSIVE RESISTANCE. INSURANCE.—Ratepayers who decline to pay the EDUCATION RATE can insure against the Financial Consequences of their refusal. For particulars apply to Mr. —, Insurance Broker, etc."

A WEDDING AWAITS A FUNERAL.

An unfortunate contretemps occurred to a wedding party at a Leicester church yesterday.

A funeral reached the gates simultaneously with the arrival of the bride, and the former, of course, took precedence, the bridal party withdrawing and returning to the church later in the day, when the wedding took place without any further untoward incident.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

UNCOMMON CHRISTIAN NAME.

The oldest Methodist minister in Ireland, the late Rev. T. N. Hull, whose funeral took place in Dublin yesterday, received the uncommon name of Neptune at his baptism. This was in consequence of his having been born at sea while his father, an officer in the army of George III., was on his way with his wife to Egypt.

MOTORISTS WILL BE GRATEFUL.

Automobilists and cyclists will think of their tyres and bles the London County Council for the new bye-law under which a fine, with the alternative of imprisonment, can be inflicted upon those who throw broken glass on the roads.

The first prosecution took place at the Thames Police Court yesterday, when a man was fined twenty-one shillings.

HER DEBUT AT NINETY-TWO.

After singing in the streets of London for twenty years without molestation, an old woman of ninety-two was yesterday brought before the Lambeth magistrate charged with begging. On being asked whether she would promise to enter the workhouse, she retorted, "I'll consider the matter when I get a little younger." The magistrate thought that as she had escaped being charged up to such an age she might go.

ANOTHER TRAIN ACCIDENT IN THE NORTH.

Trains in the North appear to be dogged by misfortune just now, for following the three accidents reported during the past five days, a goods train, this time on the Great North of Scotland system, was yesterday derailed owing to a landslip between Dufftown and Craigellachie. The engine and three waggons fell nearly thirty feet down an embankment, the driver and firemen having lucky escapes.

WALKED FROM SCOTLAND TO LONDON.

A vigilant Portland-place policeman, overhearing a man, who turned out to be a Scotch fisherman, inquiring the way to Teignmouth, Devonshire, suspected that he was employing a well-worn pretext to cover an appeal for money, and brought him before the Marylebone magistrate yesterday. But Mr. Plowden, finding the man had walked all the way from Scotland to have his eyes seen to, and intended going on to his uncle at Dawlish, at once discharged him.

OUR SIX RACING CRUISERS.

With the commissioning yesterday of the new armoured cruiser *Berwick* (Captain C. H. Dare) the re-organisation of the Cruiser Squadron has been completed. It now consists of six armoured cruisers of the latest type, all designed to steam twenty-three knots per hour. These are the *Good Hope*, *Drake*, *Donegal*, *Monmouth*, *Kent*, and *Berwick*. The six ships have a total armament of four 9.2 inch and eighty-eight six-inch breech-loading guns and an auxiliary armament of eighty-six quick-firing guns.

DINING TO HIDDEN MUSIC.

The latest dinner-table novelty takes the form of concealed musical boxes in the dishes and plates.

Seated before an apparently innocent porcelain dish of fruit, the diner is suddenly greeted with mysterious music if he should lift the dish from the table. Then a bon-bon dish will play the same joke upon him. Finally, as he lifts his glass to drink, he may be greeted with "In Cellar Cool." Even the chairs, when sat upon, can be made to take their part in this musical medley.

DOUBLE RESCUE WITH THE TYNEDEALE.

When the hounds of the Tynedale Hunt were in full cry near Hexham the huntsman, Beans, attempted to cross a swollen stream where he thought there was a ford, but his horse was swept off its feet.

An officer of the 17th Lancers went to the huntsman's aid, but he was also swept down by the force of the current, and would have been drowned had it not been for the courage of Lieutenant Henderson, of the same regiment, who plunged into the stream and rescued both the huntsman and his brother officer.

GATWICK RACES.

The Gatwick meeting was brought to a conclusion yesterday. Large fields were seen out and sport was very enjoyable. Results:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Three-year-Old H. (11)	Plum Pudding	Driscoll	7 to 2
Horsham Hdl. (10)	Tenbrooke	Piggott	100 to 8
Courtland Schae. (8)	Bucksfoot	Mr. Nugent	9 to 2
Metropolitan H. (6)	Deerbrook	Driscoll	3 to 1
Gatwick Hurdle (16)	Cossack Post	Mr. Hastings	4 to 1
Stewer Schae. (4)	Leamington	Mason	9 to 4

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

The venue to-day will be shifted to Folkestone, where some of the following week's engagements will be held. Hurdle Race—Empress or Fire Island; Three-Year-Old Selling Hurdle Race—Mrs. Peggoty; Deal Steeplechase—Sawdon.

LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH.

The ladies of the Midlands easily defeated the ladies of the North in a hockey match at Edgbaston yesterday by 7 goals to 2. Miss Gaskell obtained four goals for the winners, Miss Mayne 2, and Miss Cole 1. Miss McLaren was the scorer for the North. The weather was fine and there were a fair number of spectators, but the ground was wet.

For the Midlands, Miss Fordham played a grand game, while Miss Gaskell, Miss Langley, and Miss Mayne were all excellent. The team played well together and quite outclassed their opponents.

The North were very disappointing. Miss Still worked hard, but was badly supported, the half-backs in particular being very weak.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

IV.—EVILS CREATED BY THE HORDES OF ALIEN IMMIGRANTS.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NO matter to whom you address yourself for information on the reasons of the misery of the home-life of our poor East End children, you will always hear adduced as the principal cause the shocking overcrowding.

In consequence of the steady influx of foreigners into the East End rents keep on rising, so that to-day an English workman in Whitechapel, or Limehouse, or Bow, must pay for one room as much weekly rent as formerly would have procured him two rooms or more.

And he will consider himself lucky if in certain districts he can find shelter at all for himself and his family. The foreigners swarm in everywhere, and before the increasing and irresistible tide the unresisting Anglo-Saxons recede. There are whole streets, nay, whole quarters, in the East End where you will look in vain for the native-born. Possibly you may find a few of your countrymen heaped up in a furnished room rented to them by a Jewish landlord, but they are rare.

Faces that were not with us at Agincourt peer at you from every doorway, from every window, as you tread these streets. And there is a strange resentment on these faces. You are an intruder, you who are in your city, in the metropolis of your native land.

Gasping for Air.

Yet, unabashed by these resentful glances, desirous to see with our own eyes how, thanks to the "congestion" caused by the indiscriminate admission of foreigners, our little ones are housed, let us penetrate into Paternoster-row, and visit here and there such a furnished room as I have referred to. Not the Paternoster-row, the Mecca of the literary tyro, but Paternoster-row, Brushfield-street, Whitechapel.

Here, for a furnished room, an English family pays 7s. a week, and we find heaped up on the one "bed" the father, the mother, and six children. Even to one well accustomed to these sights and smells the impression, as one crosses that threshold, is appalling.

The furniture of this English home, in which six little English children are gasping for the air of England, consists of a bedstead, half-broken down, a table, and a chair. A few bits of crockery complete the appointments.

On the bed is but a filthy mattress. For covering the family use the rags of their apparel. Before the cinders of the hearth a little girl is sitting, picking food from a large dish, which contains the refuse from some restaurant. In the human swarm upon the bed you discern an idiot lad of fourteen, with white hair and red eyes. The pestilential atmosphere beats you back.

If you go along the Commercial-road, and look to your right and left, you will notice none but foreign names over every shop-door, and so on until you are well within the limits of Poplar. And for a long way back, off the road on either side, you will find the settled invaders.

"They have squeezed our people right out of Whitechapel, Stepney, and Limehouse, and the squeezing is going on." Thus to me a Roman Catholic priest, who lives in Bow-common, the "running-ground," as it is sometimes called, or "boney," for bones and other refuse, even human, may be shot in the open spaces here.

"They don't come here," he added, referring to Bow-common, "because we are too poor. There is no money to be made out of us."

A Sea of Foreigners.

But if Bow-common is not yet suffering from the congestion caused by the torrent of alien immigration—so that in this district you can hire a "slip-room" for one shilling, or even ninepence a week, whilst in Stepney or Limehouse you have to pay four or five times as much—the sea of foreigners laps round this Anglo-Saxon refuge on every side. Most of the houses in the Burdett-road, for instance, are now in the hands of foreign Jew rack-renters.

In Limehouse the congestion is terrible. Pick any street at hazard and any house. The landlords here are almost all foreigners. You will find the wretched English tenants paying 6s. a week for two empty rooms, or 4s. for a single room.

"On November 11, at half-past eleven at night," so told me an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C., "I visited a home at Conder-street, Limehouse. In the kitchen downstairs I found three men and three women, who were all drunk, and who tried to oppose my progress. In one empty room upstairs, I found the father, mother, and eight children huddled up on the floor. The furniture had been put out into the yard by the foreign landlord."

Elsewhere in the same district I came across a family which had been illegally ejected by the Jewish landlord. There were four little English children thus deprived, against our

English law, of shelter and the filthy comfort of their bed of rags. The foreigner was found whitewashing their late home. "They was not paying me," he said, "so I pitch them out."

The Price of Silence.

As he spoke he laid some pieces of silver—there were not thirty—on the mantelpiece, and winked at the officer. "What's that for?" cried he. "You was go and get a drink," said the foreigner. It was the price of the Englishman's silence on an illegal act by which four little English children had been turned into the street. The Englishman answered with an English oath, and swept the bribe contemptuously on to the floor.

I have said that Poplar, so far, has been fairly free from the foreign invasion, and that as a consequence our people are not too badly or too dearly lodged in that remote district. But that here also the invasion is expected was shown a week or two ago, when 3,000 of the people of this district held a meeting to pro-

test against the indiscriminate admission of foreigners.

Already in High-street, Poplar, where the waterside labourers live, you may find fearful overcrowding and shameful homes, and the conditions under which the children live here are distressing in the extreme.

Surely, for this "congestion" and the ensuing overcrowding, with its fatal and positive effect on the stamina of our little ones, a remedy suggests itself. If our children may not be properly fed, let them at least breathe. In these dreadful homes one does not breathe. One gasps.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE EPISODES OF MARGE. (A Story of an Adventure.) By H. R. Cromarsh. Grant Richards.

ELIZA'S HUSBAND. (Humorous.) By Parry Pain. Chatto and Windus.

HESPER. (An American Story.) By Hamlin Garland. Harper.

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. (Biography.) By Winifred Lady Burghclere. Murray.

GREAT HIDDEN TREASURE STORY.

AN UNKNOWN WINNER—RADIUM RUNNING SHORT!

The name hidden by Mr. Golden Phipps in yesterday's "Daily Mirror" was Phineas Ebenezer Greed, and a number of treasure seekers succeeded in deciphering it. The first one to do so, however, handed in a telegram announcing the same at a London post-office at 11.8 a.m. The sender, nevertheless, omitted to sign the name, and we shall be glad if he or she will communicate with us.

Those who would like to possess a tube of Radium and are not, like Mr. Golden Phipps, suffering from a superfluity of wealth, should read the following very carefully. We have been asked to restrict the entries to postcards or letters only, and we will consider this point.

No. III.—THE CLUE OF THE HIDDEN ADDRESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. GOLDEN PHIPPS ... A bored millionaire.
LORD EGBERT MOUNTJOY His secretary: with ideas.

I.

Mr. Golden Phipps had spent another pleasant day, and was a thoroughly happy man. The millionaire was lightly and nimbly pacing the floor of his rooms at the Hôtel Splendid, London, listening to the exciting story that was being unfolded by Lord Egbert.

His fingers had for a long time past been itching for something to do to keep him employed, and now those 9 same jewelled digits had got what they wanted. The famous treasure hunt had already proved an unequalled success, though it was only two days old. The fame of it had been carried into thousands of homes all over the country, and men and women of every position in life were discussing it, and were pleased to have the opportunity of putting their wits to a test in so interesting a manner.

Lord Egbert was describing the scene at the office wherein lay the much-wanted treasure—outside, the constant stream of telegraph boys and postmen, inside, the busy scrutineers, carefully examining and filing each claim as it was received.

The New Amusement.

Lord Egbert was an invaluable secretary and companion in that he took infinite pains to provide the great millionaire with the means of amusement while the latter afforded him the noble scion the means of doing so. Thus they were indebted to each other. But by all the careful calculations which the millionaire had made in his mind he had failed to see, till the institution of the present great scheme, what his noble friend had done for him that was of fairly lasting benefit.

Lord Egbert had arranged all sorts of curious parties, conducted on novel lines, from a dinner 5 which was served up with plates and dishes made of paper, to a breakfast where the *personnel* was composed of authors whose right-hand guest was, in each instance, a doll representing the writer's pet creation.

Mr. Golden Phipps endured all this because he was tired. He had grown quite used to being bored. Now, however, the *H* barometer of his being had changed from wet to fine, from cloudy to fair; the glass of life with him had gone up, and his animal spirits were standing at ninety degrees in the shade.

Radium Running Short.

It was the evening of the second day. Mr. Golden Phipps and Lord Egbert were sipping coffee and smoking in a quiet corner of the dining-room of the Hôtel Splendid, and the millionaire was speaking.

"It has quite set the Thames on fire, Mounty, my friend. I am more G than de lighted. I could not have believed it possible that such a simple plan as this would interest so many. I think this treasure hunt is the best experiment which has yet been made with Radium."

Lord Egbert Mountjoy beamed. "Yes, I really think it is," said he. "When you come to think of the scramble there has been among scientists and others for a bit of the precious metal, and the sums paid away for pinches of it, it is sufficient to make the most depressed person smile when he is told that our little plan reverses the arrangement, and that it is not we who want it amounts to, you know, that it is the matter?"

"The matter is—the Radium. You are extracting much amusement out of this treasure hunt, and I neither want to rob you of it, nor you to lose it, but, my dear, good, cheerful friend, all things must come to an end—even our Radium."

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Phipps," replied Lord Egbert, and, leaning over the table, he whispered in the millionaire's ear, "I have secured two or three more little tubes!"

"You're an extremely interesting young fellow, Mounty, in spite of your name being omitted from 'Who's Who'—in fact, one day you'll doubtless be quite bright. You have told me what the third experiment is to be, and I believe you have given it a name, but how do you propose to conduct it?"

"Well, I have thought that out. One thing we—that is, you—must bear in mind—"

"I know, good Egbert. You think that the worthy people who are providing me with this amusement to cure my ennui—and also for the material benefit of themselves—are likely to become too clever at the game?"

"I'm afraid so," laughed his lordship. "The first and second experiments were too easy. It was like picking up money."

"In that case," he said, "we will make them search a little harder. This time I will set the task. Hide this address in the usual manner." He scribbled for a few seconds on the back of an envelope. "It is that of my friend and I might mention as a clue that he lives abroad. We will also hide the amount of the gold that is to accompany to-morrow's Radium, so that even the successful treasure-seeker will not know the value of his find until he reads of his success in the paper or receives his cheque. Suspense is golden, Mounty, and I fancy this is an improvement on your plan."

"Quite so," agreed Lord Egbert, "but to-morrow I may evolve an idea that will once more raise me in your estimation."

HOW TO SECURE TO-DAY'S RADIUM AND GOLD.

While we are not permitted to divulge the actual identity of the philanthropic individual described in our columns of yesterday and to-day, we may state that he has selected the *Daily Mirror* as the medium through which to distribute some of his superfluous wealth. Scattered throughout the columns of the *Daily Mirror* for this date will be found a number of letters and figures. These letters have been inserted without particular method. They will be found in paragraphs, news, advertisements, and some, obviously, may be detected in these columns.

When discovered and placed together the letters form a given address. The figures, when put together, give the amount of to-day's prize.

The questions for treasure hunters are, therefore, "Where did the man live?" and "How much money is hidden to-day?" The reader who first communicates this information to us by wire or postcard will receive the precious tube of Radium and £10 in gold. Entries must be addressed, "NAME," *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., and they may not be left by hand. In the case of telegrams, the time at which the message was handed in will be considered as the time of its receipt.

Entries can only be received on the distinct understanding that the Editor's decision will in all cases be accepted as final. Of course, no one connected in any way with the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete. Entries by letter will be disqualified, and entries once dispatched cannot be subsequently corrected. Queries cannot be answered by us either by post or telegraph.

FROM THE FIRST TREASURE FINDER.

We append the receipt of the treasure hunter who received the first Radium and £50:—

Received from the representative of the "Daily Mirror" the sum of £50 and a tube of Radium.

(Signed) W. S. ORR.
December 9th, 1903.

A PLEA FOR "PUSH."

CARLYLE AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

PUSHING TO THE FRONT (Or Success under Difficulties). By Orison Swett Marden. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.)

THE title and the view of life that goes with it are the only faults about this rousing little book. It is said to be written for the "inspiration and encouragement of all who are struggling for self-elevation along the paths of knowledge and of duty." But it is no sermon. It is full of fact and sap and wit. Some old stories of great men there are in it. For all that, George Washington and the other altogether too hopelessly estimable people are not paraded before us with the persistence usual in books of this sort.

All the same, we disagree with the title. "Pushing to the Front" is all very well, as is anything that exercises the whole faculties of man or woman, but Orison Swett Marden quite fails on the general plan when he gets his reader to this precious "Front."

Of course, the fact is there is no "Front." We pity anyone who thinks himself or herself there. Activity, or, as our author expresses it, "go-at-it-iveness," is indeed an excellent thing; but it must be "go-at-it-iveness" on behalf of others, if it is to solve the problem of happiness.

The Call for "Jolly Girls."

It is curious, from this point of view, that in one department of his book Orison Swett Marden should be unconsciously right, namely, in his exhortation to women. He recognises, one is glad to see, that woman's work needs all the nerve and heart and grit and pluck that ever a man's did. But she need have nothing to do with self-advancement. Orison Swett Marden goes so far as to quote a very famous and very true old rhyme, which runs:—

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

Yet see what a contrast to Orison Swett Marden's other gospel is to be found upon this ladies' page of his:—

We have lots of clever girls, and brilliant girls, and witty girls. Give us a consignment of jolly girls, warm-hearted and impulsive girls, kind and entertaining to their own folks, but with little desire to shine in the gaudy world. With a few such girls scattered around, life would freshen up for all of us as the weather does under the spell of summer showers.

We cannot but think that what Orison Swett Marden really meant was, "Give us a consignment of Irish girls."

Manners Maketh Man.

There is, on the other hand, one quite "unpushful" virtue inculcated by Orison Swett Marden in both men and women alike, with regard to which one cannot but applaud his emphasis. That is good manners. Their mere practical use, as a "saving of wear and tear," has been proclaimed often enough. Did not Chesterfield observe that "no one ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough, or a civil one to Sir Robert Walpole?" Good manners have, indeed, been a redeeming quality in some strange characters. Orison Swett Marden recalls even of Catherine of Russia that:—

When she gave receptions to her nobles she published the following rules of etiquette upon cards: "Gentlemen will not get drunk before the feast is ended. Noblemen are forbidden to strike their wives in company. Ladies of the Court must not wash out their mouths in the drinking glasses, or wipe their faces on the damask, or pick their teeth with forks."

We do not, however, quite agree with Orison Swett Marden's attack upon Carlyle for having said, after a long pause, upon the occasion of his introduction to Queen Victoria, "Madam, let us sit down!" Surely, it was exquisitely considerate.

Andromeda Minus Perseus.

In conclusion, one cannot but quote one rather melancholy, but quite memorable, passage about the mission of women, with which Orison Swett Marden credits Robert Collyer of New York.

I treasure, he writes, a small drawing by Millais. It is the figure of a woman bound fast to a pillar well within tide mark. The sea is curling its waves about her feet. A ship is passing in full sail, but not heeding her or her doom. Birds of prey are hovering near her; but she heeds not the birds, nor the ship, nor the sea. She is looking directly into heaven, and telling her soul how the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. I treasure it because, when I look at it, it seems a type of a great human woman who wait and watch, tied fast to their fate, while the tide creeps up about them.

That is a little piece of literature. The rest of the book must, perhaps, be described rather as letterpress; but as such it is honest to a degree, stimulating, and, to use its author's own word, eminently "go-at-it-ive."

THE KING'S VISIT TO ELVEDEN.

The arrival of the King at Elveden to stay with Lord and Lady Iveagh was of a private character, but the people of the neighbourhood turned out in large numbers to give his Majesty a cordial reception as he left the royal train at Thetford. The King will shoot over Lord Iveagh's preserves during his stay, and on his departure on Saturday the occasion will be of a more public character. The house party invited to meet his Majesty includes the Prime Minister, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Howe, Georgiana Lady Dudley, Lord Suffield, Mrs. George Keppel, Lord Rossmore, Sir Frank Lascelles, Sir Schomberg McDonnell, Lady Lilian Wemyss, and Lady Gwendolen and Mr. Rupert Guinness.

Many Englishmen, in accordance with their family traditions, make presents to the King at Christmas time. For instance, the Duke of Marlborough always commemorates the victory of Blenheim by sending his Majesty an English and French flag. One of the King's Christmas presents, which he always carries about with him in the country, is a pocket hold-all invented and designed by his daughter, Princess Maud, which contains two cigars, a pipe, a little tobacco, six cigarettes, and a box of matches.

The visit of the Duchess of Albany to Kingston-on-Thames to-morrow to unveil the Surrey County Memorial to Queen Victoria in the County Hall, a memorial tablet in recognition of the services of Surrey men in the South African war, and a portrait in oils of the Chairman of the Surrey County Council (Mr. E. J. Halsey, J.P.), will be an event of more than usual interest. The Duchess, who will be accompanied by Princess Alice of Albany, will be escorted from Clarendon by a detachment of the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry, a guard of honour will be furnished by the 3rd Vol. Batt. East Surrey Regt., and the ceremonies will take place in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant and the High Sheriff of Surrey, and the Chairman and members of the Surrey County Council and Surrey Quarter Sessions.

Princess Alice of Albany, who is to become Princess Alexander of Teck early next year, is not only a charming girl, but is also possessed of the domestic virtues. The Duchess of Albany was determined that her daughter should grow up a sensible, useful girl, with no exalted opinion of herself, and first her nurse and afterwards her governess were directed never to let the slightest faults go unpunished. Indeed, the Duchess, so to say, was her daughter's governess-in-chief, for every morning she discussed with her deputy Princess Alice's tasks for the day, satisfying herself that her orders were faithfully carried out.

The young Princess was never allowed to give servants undue trouble, while plain, wholesome food and simple clothes were all she was accustomed to during her schoolroom life. Simplicity, in fact, was the keynote of her bringing up, and more than once, when overtaken by rain on their walking expeditions in Scotland, the Duchess of Albany has asked permission of some cottager to dry her children's clothes by the fire, and refusing all help, would herself remove their boots and stockings, and hold the latter before the blazing peat, until they were ready to put on again.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, will open the Christmas Sale of the Ladies' Work Society at 31, Sloane-street, at 12.30 to-morrow.

Lord Carnarvon has a shooting party at Highclere Castle this week; his guests include Prince Victor Duleep Singh, his brother, Prince Frederick, and Lord Ashburton. Excellent sport was enjoyed both yesterday and Tuesday; on the latter day over two thousand head of game were obtained.

My Melton Mowbray correspondent telegraphs: "The Belvoir fixture at Waltham yesterday was not favoured by much sport, scent being conspicuous by its absence. Hopes were raised at one moment, when an enterprising fox ran from the Harby Hills down into the vale, but hounds could hardly keep to the line over the wet, sodden ploughs. Horse Gorse was drawn blank, and a short hunt from Harby Covert finished the day. I read letters in the daily papers discussing the dangers of hunting. The various correspondents do not seem to realise that there is a great charm in danger. Nothing is so tame and dull as absolute safety. It would be a poor creature indeed who gave up a sport because it was dangerous."

It may be dull, wet, or foggy, but there is always plenty going on in town, and yesterday afternoon the West End, or rather the shops, were full of people. Emily Lady Headfort, dressed all in black, was shopping, and so was Lady Marjorie Manners, who was in an electric brougham with a pretty girl friend. Lord Granby, her father, passed them in a hansom, when they waved him a gay salute, and Mrs. Neumann was in an open carriage. The Sloane-street shops were crowded; Lady Constance Gore got out near Knightsbridge, where also were Baroness de Meyer, Mrs. Ronalds, and Lord and Lady Carew,

driving together. Lady Chelsea had a small daughter with her, and Mrs. Chaucey, Mrs. Henry Stanhope, and Lady Dickson-Poynder, wearing coffee colour, with a knot of flowers in her coat, were others to be seen.

A very successful sale of Christmas novelties was held yesterday and on Tuesday at Mrs. Charles Henry's beautiful house in Porchester-gate, in aid of the League of Mercy, of which the Prince and Princess of Wales are patrons. The stalls were beautifully draped in mauve, and Mr. Alfred Rothschild kindly lent his Viennese Band for the occasion. Amongst those who were buying or selling were Lord Howard de Walden and his mother, Lady Ludlow, Miss Agnes Keyser, Mrs. Lawson-Johnstone, and Miss Clay Evans, daughter of the United States Consul-General.

Mr. Leopold Canning, Lady Garvagh's son, has just arrived at San Sebastian. He started from London some twelve days ago, and with the exception of the Channel crossing has performed the entire journey on his motor-car.

"The Water Babies" will be seen again at the Garrick Theatre this year every afternoon, beginning on December 22. Miss Tita Brand, Miss Marie Brema's daughter, will be the Fairy Queen; Miss Nellie Bowman is again to be Tom, the chimney-sweep; Ellie will be played by Miss Empie Bowman; and Miss Kate Serjeantson, who, though herself a young woman, is one of the best "old women" on our stage, will take the part of the Nurse.

Not all monarchs are as modest as Kaiser William. To Mlle. Helene Vacaresco he once said, noticing her embarrassment when she was introduced to him, "You have as a child enjoyed the privilege of spending evenings with Victor Hugo. How can you be moved in my presence, when you have been in the presence of genius?" This is one of the stories Mlle. Vacaresco tells in her "Strand Magazine" article on "Sovereigns I have Met."

A letter which has just reached me from Florence says:—

"In spite of the atrocious weather we have been having the last week or so, Florence seems to be preparing herself for a most unusually brilliant social season. Day by day one sees new arrivals among the Italians, who have been away for the summer, and also among the Anglo-Americans, who form such a large part of Florence's social world."

"As a rule, the great families of Florence follow the English and French custom, and remain for the most part at their chateaux in the country until the beginning of the new year, but gradually this habit is becoming changed, and most of the Palazzi already show signs of their occupants being there."

"I hear that a few of the society women among the English and Americans have re-

solved to start a sort of a club among themselves as an opposition to the Men's Bridge Club, which, they say, completely absorbs the husbands."

"A series of 'Hen Parties' for these deserted wives was started by Mrs. Dearbergh last Wednesday. I doubt if the absence of men was much lamented by the 'Bridge Widows,' as they call themselves."

"The Florence Golf Links, which are situated just outside the city, in the neighbourhood of the old Villa Demidoff, have been vastly improved since last year and the course is now most excellent. A good professional has been engaged for the winter, and the list of members has been greatly enlarged. A series of open competitions will soon be started, and now that the co-operation of most of the hotels has been secured the golf club is sure to have a brilliant future before it."

Picturesque in every detail was Miss Cooper-Key's wedding yesterday afternoon to Mr. Geoffrey Hall, of the 16th Lancers. St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, was made a perfect bower of palms and white flowers, and there was some beautiful music, too. The bride, who is petite and dark, looked very sweet in her soft white *crêpe de Chine* frock, fastened on one shoulder with a glittering diamond bow. A tulle veil covered a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white flowers. Mr. Ansell, her stepfather, gave her away, and her train was carried by a little boy and girl wearing red and white costumes.

The scarlet and white worn by the bridesmaids made a brilliant note of colour as they awaited the bride at the church door, and the four pretty girls—Miss Beauchamp, Miss Adshead, Miss Margaret Irby, and Miss Gladys Johnson—have never worn more becoming costumes. During the signing of the register they distributed little nosegays of white flowers to the guests, who quite filled the church.

Lady Cooper-Key, the bride's mother, wore pale blue, with a scarlet toque, and carried a lovely bouquet of roses; she afterwards received the guests at her house in Elm Park Gardens. One of the prettiest people present was Lady Clementine Waring, cousin of the bride, who was a bridesmaid at her wedding two years ago. She was dressed in black velvet, with a green hat. The Marchioness Cassar de Sain wore black and white. Lady John Hay, who was accompanied by Lord John, wore a sable coat over a dark dress; Lady Home Speirs was in black and white; Lady Rothes wore pale blue, and Mrs. Robert Jardine was very smart in pale grey. Lord Robertson brought a daughter, and so did Lady Flower, while others there were Lord Home, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Balfour, Lady Fremantle, and Lady Tracey.

Miss Winifred Emery continues to make splendid progress towards restored health, and is now staying at the cottage in Bexhill that belongs to her and her husband, Mr. Cyril Maude.

There is quite a stir in the neighbourhood of Bath. Lord and Lady Bath are giving a ball at Longleat on the 30th of this month, and already the country houses for miles around

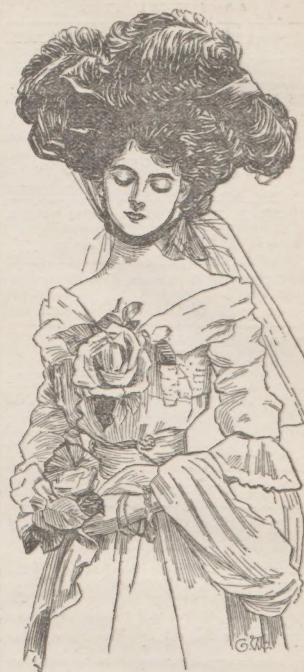


Photo by MISS COOPER-KEY. (Lancaster) who was married yesterday to Mr. Geoffrey Hall.

are getting up parties for it. Amongst others who are doing so are the Duke and Duchess of Somerset at Maiden Bradley.

Longleat is one of the finest of Elizabethan mansions. The late Lord Bath spent thousands in redecorating in the Italian style the whole suite of state rooms. He had collected in Italy for this purpose magnificent marble chimney pieces and marble surrounds for the immense mahogany doors. Lady Bath, who is a prominent Christian Scientist, is very little in London, preferring a quiet country life with her husband and children.

Mrs. Cosmo Hamilton (Miss Beryl Faber) is busily getting on with the rehearsals at the Avenue Theatre of Mr. Mostyn T. Figgott's new three-act play, "All Fether's Fault," which she proposes to produce on Saturday night, the 19th inst. In addition to Miss Faber the cast will include Mrs. Maesmore Morris, Mrs. Nye Chart, Miss Spencer Brunton, Miss Haviland, Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Nye Chart, Mr. G. M. Grahame, and Mr. C. W. Somerset. The action of the play takes place in a West End flat and at Covent Garden. I

The Duchess of Beaufort is organising a concert to take place early next year at Bristol, in aid of the Lifeboat Saturday Fund. Madame Ella Russell, Lady Maud Warren-dei, and Mrs. Brown Potter have promised to assist.

Mr. and Mrs. McEwan are back at their beautiful house in Charles-street, which they bought some years ago from Lord Craven, in whose family it had been for a very long time. Mr. and Mrs. McEwan are noted in London society for their wealth and their hospitality, and Mrs. McEwan's concerts (mostly afternoon ones, by the way, as she is something of an invalid) are always amongst the best in the way of music, and smartest in the way of company of the after Easter season.

Her only daughter, who married Captain Ronald Greville, the eldest son of Lord Greville, is a favourite in royal circles; and his Majesty himself has frequently honoured her and her husband by dining with them at their house in London, which is close to that of Mrs. Greville's parents, and equally gorgeous. Their Saturday to Monday parties at the Priory, Reigate, are of the smartest, and often include royal guests.

Mrs. Oakley, of Medmenham Abbey, Great Marlow, who marries next week Colonel Douglas Dawson, the King's new Master of Ceremonies, will continue to live at Medmenham as much as possible after her marriage, for both she and her future husband are fond of country life. Mrs. Oakley is a first-rate whip, and can drive a four-in-hand to perfection; she is devoted to animals, and knows more about gardening than nineteen women out of twenty.

At the Hippodrome an extraordinary entertainment, entitled "The Golden Princess," and "The Elephant Hunters," is being got ready for the Christmas season. It is described as "a grand zoological and aquatic spectacle." In addition to the plunging elephants which are to take part in this entertainment, the Société Royale de Zoologie, Antwerp, has, with the cognizance of the King of the Belgians, sent a varied collection of rare and beautiful animals, and, for the first time on record, tame ostriches will appear in the display. Besides those, there are elephants, camels, dromedaries, and a miscellaneous collection of Oriental animals which will appear in trappings that are said to have cost more than those used by some of the native princes at the great Durbar. N



THE SERVANT DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

Mistress and Maid at the "Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau, 45 and 46, New Bond-street.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE. TO-NIGHT at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

(LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS) MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.

SPECIAL MATINEES ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, at 2.15 and 2.30, at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

MONSIEUR BEAUCARD. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15. Box-office open 10 till 10.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove. WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY. The only real cake walk. MATINEES WED. and SAT., 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN TOUR. THIS WEEK ALEXANDER THEATRE. STROKE NEWINGTON. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, Jan. 26.

MISS NELLIE GANTHONY (Musical Entertainer).—For Christmas parties, concerts, etc. Miss Gantony is remarkably clever, and has that gift so rare in women—genuine fun, but is disciplined by modesty, good taste, and refinement. Daily Telegraph. 16, Edith-road, West Kensington.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London W. We are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

VARICOSE VEINS.—Elastic stockings, 2s. 6d. Thigh stockings, 1s. 6d. Elastic garters, 1s. 6d. Darning. BECKER'S HAIR DYE.—Absolutely perfect, natural, washable, permanent.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND. 6d. Essential new style coiffure.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases.—Hinde's Curiers' alter faces.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST, on the 8th inst., either on the Tube between Bond-street and the Post Office Station, or between that station and the General Post Office, a lady's gold watch and chain, with a small gold ring. The watch is a House-koper, 28, Grosvenor-square, will be rewarded.

LOST, somewhere in London, November 23, 15 diamond and emerald brooch, large centre diamond, surrounded small emeralds and diamonds, outside rim white enamel. Finder handily rewarded.—Information to be sent Mrs. D. L. Eastwell-villas, Ashford, Kent.

LOST, on November 28, a collar dog (young), sable, with white neck and chest. Anyone bringing it to 37, Oakley-crescent, Chelsea, will receive 10s. reward.

REWARD. LOST, Sunday, 15th ult., at Sunningdale, or between Teddington and Sunningdale, a diamond and turquoise horseshoe brooch.—Reward on return to 12, Tregunter-road, Kensington.

A. B. C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE. Latest Edition (11th). This popular work is the handiest and most complete booklet published on Stock Exchange matters. It may be had gratis and post free to any address on application to Publishers, A.B.C. Guide to Stock Exchange, 81, Birch-lane, Manchester.

CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY YOUR OLD FAVOURITES, when properly repaired they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special workrooms for CLEANING and generally RENOVATING old corsets. We also make COPY corsets in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.

J. ROSENBAUM and SON, Corset Makers, 115, WESTBURY-GROVE, W., and branches. Corsets made to measure in three days from 51s. 6d. Please mention "Daily Mirror."

HILL'S PERFECT SKIN NOURISHER

Insures a lovely complexion and plump, firm flesh. Removes wrinkles, and fills out hollows. No expensive fuss. Perfect home treatment. Full instructions with bottle containing sufficient for two months' treatment. RESULTS GUARANTEED. Sent under plain wrapper. Mention this paper, and 3s. 6d. Postal Order will bring you 5s. sample bottle.

HILL and CO., 5, Little Trinity-lane, E.C.

BIRTHS.

PARQUHARSON.—On Dec. 5, at Nazira, Assam, India, the wife of R. Subash Parquharson, of a daughter.

HAYDON.—On the 9th inst., at 49, Palewell-park, East Sheen, the wife of Ernest Haydon, of a daughter.

POWELL.—On Dec. 5, at Dinas Pwys, Glamorgan, the wife of David Powell, of a son.

REES-WEBBE.—On Dec. 5, at Millbrook House, Jersey, the wife of Captain M. O. N. Rees-Webbe, Northamptonshire Regiment, of a daughter.

SCULATER BOOTH.—On Dec. 7, at Old Basing, the wife of Hon. Charles L. Sculater Booth, of a son.

STAPPOLE.—On Dec. 3, at Aston House, Richmond-park, Bournemouth, the wife of Charles B. Stappole, R.A., of a son.

WADHAM.—On Dec. 5, at High Bank, Tonbridge, the wife of Arthur Wadham, of a son.

WESTOBY.—On Dec. 4, at Veau House, Camberne, Cornwall, the wife of F. Westoby, of a daughter.

WORTHINGTON.—On the 7th inst., at 22, Ladbroke-square, W., the wife of Edgar Worthington, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

RODGER-SEEDHOIM.—On Nov. 24, at the parish church, Knutsford, by the vicar, George Frederick Eck, eldest son of George Rodger, of Bridegrooms, Selkirk, to Hilda, younger daughter of O. A. Seelheim, Esq., Knutsford, Cheshire.

SILVERTHORNE-COOPER.—On Oct. 7, 1903, at H.B.M.'s Consulate, and at 3, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C., the daughter of the late Alfred Hudson Silverthorne, of Shanghai, to Gertrude Williams, eldest son of Charles William Cooper, of Linton, Leicestershire.

STABLES-FLOOD PAGE.—On the 8th inst., at St. Leonard's Church, St. George's-square, 8, by the Rev. W. H. Washington, M.A., vicar, Benjamin Stables Esq., younger son of the late William A. Stables, Esq., banker, of Naith, and grandson of the late Archibald Dunbar, of Northfield, Bart., to Millicent Agnes, daughter of Major and Mrs. Flood Page.

DEATHS.

ATHAWES.—On Dec. 7, at Durston, Sidcup, Alice Gertrude, aged 28, the dearly beloved fourth daughter of the late Edward James Athawes and of Mrs. Athawes.

DALE.—On Dec. 4, Catherine Ann Dale, wife of the late Rev. Charles Dale, rector of Ham, Kent.

DUTHIE.—In North London, on the 7th inst., at the residence of John Duthie, son of the late Captain William Duthie, of Peterhead and London.

FIRBRACE.—On the 7th inst., at the residence of Robert Robert Firbrace, late of Victoria, Australia, aged 75 years.

GRIMWOOD.—On the 7th inst., at Sudbury, Suffolk, Harriet Grimwood, relict of the late George Grimwood, of that town, in her 90th year.

KER.—On Dec. 6, at 10, Forest-road, Clapham, Birkbeck, in her 45th year, Julia Maria, third daughter of the late Alan Ker, of Liverpool, and formerly of Greenock, N.B.

LEUCAS.—On Dec. 7, at 14, Millers-road, Clifton, Elizabeth Leucas, in her 72nd year.

SHERLOCK.—On Dec. 7, at Beaumont House, Clapham, George Frederick, son of Henry and Louisa Sherlock, Brompton Rectory, St. George's, Clapham.

VACHELL.—On the 25th ult., at sea, Ernest Frederick de Winton Vachell, of Llanfair Major, Glam., suddenly, of heart failure, on voyage from Calcutta.

WARLEY.—On Dec. 6, at 3, York-place, Clifton, Bristol, Rhoda, wife of James Warley, aged 65 years.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 14d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year, 38s.

To subscribers abroad the rates are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co., and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, The *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on fly-leafs. The letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Folly and Food.

YESTERDAY the newspaper-reading public was informed that oatmeal porridge was little short of a poison. "It is," said a West-end physician, "as an article of diet very much over-rated. I consider it the curse of Scotland, and the curse of every community which acquires a liking for it." "This is a sensational charge to bring against a food which has for so long formed the staple food of millions, I know, but I am prepared to back up my statement by facts."

Dr. JOHNSON never said anything half so bad about porridge as this doctor has said. But to-day we learn, from an equally authoritative source, that "there is nothing to equal it." And this is quite typical of the kind of controversy that is daily going on about every conceivable kind of food and drink.

Surely it is almost time that we realised the truth in connection with the eternal food question. One by one cherished articles of diet, which honest men and women have been eating for generations, without conspicuously calamitous results, are being condemned in no unmeasured terms. It is said of them, one by one, that they are lacking in nutrition, that they are rich in improper and poor in proper substances, that they contain too much nitrogen or too little proteid matter, that they are useless, dangerous, or even poisonous. That we are not all dead is put down to the marvellous powers of the human body in resisting disease and neutralising the effects of improper or insufficient nutrition.

To put it in the plainest possible way, there is a vast deal of humbug in all this. We are quite prepared to admit that many of us—those especially who use their brains at the expense of their muscles—have unscientific habits with regard to food, and expect too much of the marvellously adaptive powers of the human organism; that they expect to maintain themselves in perfect health by the same means which those of a more active physical habit adopt successfully. But this is a very different thing from saying that all our staple articles of diet are no better than sawdust or poison—which is what it is coming to.

Beef and bread have done much for Englishmen in the past, and it is doubtful whether nuts and patent lozenges would do as much for them in the future. There is a simple snare in the passion for compressed nourishment, to which we are surprised that so many intelligent people fall a prey. There may be a great deal of waste matter in that noxious substance roast beef; but then a kind Providence has so designed our internal mechanism that a certain amount of bulk is necessary in food if it is to keep us in ordinary health. You cannot feed a horse on nothing but corn cakes, neither can man live by meat lozenges alone. "Little Mary" was not intended to live a life of luxurious idleness.

Let us be comforted. Many of us doubtless eat too much, but a change in

quantity would probably be more often found to produce the desired result than a revolution in kind. The trouble at present is that most of us think a great deal too much about what we eat, and are always agog to be trying the latest thing in foods and (consequently) the latest thing in patent medicines. The ideal course is to find the manner of life which keeps us in the best health, and then to try and forget about it.

CHAUCER AND THE LADIES.

The women of England will have reason to look up with special affection at the bust of Chaucer which the Lord Mayor unveiled yesterday at the Guildhall. Broad as Chaucer's jests occasionally were, there has not been since his time a poet more whole-hearted and healthy and sincere, and, one may add, happy, in his appreciation of English womanhood. Shakespeare's real attitude towards women—as shown, for instance, in the story of Mariana—was, after all, desperately cynical. There is a certain abjectness even about Rosalind, still more about Viola, and "The Taming of the Shrew" is a positive insult. But Chaucer, as deeply read as Shakespeare in women's hearts, was full only of pardon, of pleasantry, and of praise. From the jovial "Wife of Bath" to "My Sweet, mine Emelie," the fair population of Chaucer's poems could not all, perhaps, claim to be included in the "Legend of Good Women." None the less, Chaucer had a heart to love them all, and to speak of their freshness, their beauty, their "truth and steadfastness" in the same immortal verse that tells of the English meadows, bright with daisies and the breath of his own May morning.

"MY FAT IS MY FORTUNE."

We sincerely hope that the protest which has been raised against the exhibition of "the fat boy of Peckham" upon the musical stage may prove not in vain. The question as to whether or not he is "educable"—vile word!—has nothing whatever to do with the case. It makes no difference whether he attends a Board-school in the daytime, or whether all the dons of Oxford and Cambridge together are engaged upon his sole instruction. The mere exhibition of monstrosity is degrading to the spectators, and doubly degrading to the unfortunate object of their so-called amusement. Nor is the question for a moment connected with the ordinary performance of children upon the stage. The exercise of any art is exalting, and that children who are otherwise well looked after should dance and sing for an hour or two in the evening may quite possibly make them happier children now and brighter men and women in after years. We hold no brief for "solemnity." But that this poor "educable" child should be trained to exhibit his fat as the beggars of old exhibited their deformities—trained to appeal to some low instinct of curiosity, which it is difficult for cultured people to understand—is giving him an "education" indeed! It is teaching him something of human nature; something of his mission in life; something, certainly, he cannot unlearn too quickly.

A FROCK AND A FAN.

It is reassuring to learn that, although the Princesses of the Japanese royal family wore European evening dress at the Mikado's birthday celebrations, the craze for European dress among the Japanese ladies in general is wearing off. Is it suggested that this may be due to certain untoward accidents which have recently happened at State functions, where occasionally "something has given way" at awkward moments. We cannot but think, however, that, accidents or no accidents, the highly cultivated artistic sense of the Japanese belles would have in any case decided before long in favour of their own pretty native costume. Indeed, one need not call to mind what envy has existed in some feminine hearts in England ever since the "three little maids from school" toddled on to the Savoy stage. For all that, we do not think such envy was necessarily justified. Pretty as the kimono is upon a Japanese girl, we would not for a moment be disposed to admit that the more stately Englishwoman, dressed with her usual taste after the customary Western fashion, is not a far more beautiful object than any "queen of the geisha" that ever fluttered her fan.

DINNERS EAST AND WEST.

SHALL THE EAST ENDER DINE AT ALL?

HOW THE WEST END CAN HELP HIM.

THESE are days of dining out for the dwellers in London, and dining out no longer means dining at a friend's home, but at a friend's expense.

In place of the anxious consultations with cook or cookery-book, there is merely a calculating "scrutiny of the day's fare at the restaurant of one's choice, and instead of ransacking the home cellars for that one bottle left of the brand which an affectionate memory whispers was an old favourite of your guest's, you have only to glance at the wines in the gently proffered list, with a swift glance to their corresponding prices.

Doubtless the dinner is excellent throughout, from the first blush of the bisque to the last gleam of the green Chartreuse, and if, as a closing dish, an empty plate be served, upon which as host you drop with fervent ostentation your pieces of gold, or crisp note, surely it is quite in keeping with the strictly commercial principles upon which society is now based, and its debts discharged.

Some may regret the more delicate and genial intercourse of simpler days, when there were perhaps a few contempts at the dinner, and the children came down to dessert, but I suppose most people welcome the fact that the old home dinners are rapidly giving way to these rendezvous at restaurants.

Where Hunger Pinches.

"Where shall we dine to-night?" then, is a question we hear on all sides—on all sides, that is, of the little West End world. But in the desolate East, which stretches beyond its narrow horizon, another cry is going up, shrill and fierce—not "Where shall we dine?" but "When shall we dine?" And echo shrieks back, "When?" and again gasps faintly, "When?"

Starvation, desperate and hollow-eyed, is stalking through the streets, where the toiling millions of East London live and die. Up and down those streets one hears of nothing but depression in trade. Depression is in the very air one breathes, upon every face one meets.

Men are tramping in search of work, from the dark, cold hours of early morning till the dark, cold hours of night, tramping till their boots drop off; fighting fiercely round the few favoured spots where workers are "wanted"; fighting till the swift and strong to the fore are taken on, and they themselves must drift off with the surging crowds at their back, faint in body and fierce at heart. In their homes the women are pinching and scraping to give bread to the children.

One hears of parents going hungry to bed that their children may not go fasting to school the next morning; of others who have not even bread to save for their children, and are without food for days together. If these things are so now, when the winter has scarcely begun, how will it be on the day that ends it?

How You Can Help.

There are dwelling amongst the poor in the East End those who are doing all they can to stem the swelling tide of misery and starvation. The very fact that they live in the midst of the poor enables them to know their needs, to know how to meet those needs, and others cannot. Will not people afar off strengthen the hands of those who are doing the work, and thus have a very real and noble share in it?

For some years the Sisters of St. Saviour's Priory have provided free dinners for the sick and starving poor of Haggerston, amongst whom they live and work.

Twice a week during the winter good dinners of hot stew are served to the poor people, who come with jugs and basins to carry it away. It would be difficult to provide accommodation for so many families at the Priory, and, moreover, the people naturally prefer dining in their own homes. These dinners are given freely without any reference to the denomination of those who are in want. High Church, Low Church, or no church, all are gladly served by the sisters, who look not to the creed, but to the need of those who come to them for help.

Last year between 6,000 and 7,000 meals were given in this way, and the demand for them this winter will be undoubtedly greater.

"Waiting for Dinner."

To you who read, I suppose that waiting for dinner simply means looking forward to dinner; but there are thousands to whom waiting means a longing for that which they have ceased to expect. Is there nothing you might do to help such as these? Even the price of the little cup of coffee you take from custom when dinner is over would feed a whole family.

Any help you send will be acknowledged with much gratitude. The envelope should be marked "Dinners," and addressed to

THE MOTHER.

S. Saviour's Priory,
Great Cambridge-street,
Hackney-road, N.E.

Cheques should be made payable to Kate Egerton Warburton, and crossed London and County Bank, Short-ditch.

When you have read this, do not merely hope that other readers may send help; send what you can yourself. Every shilling sent means that someone will be less hungry this winter through your charity.

MR. CONSUL AT HOME.

A
Chimpanzee
Who
Observes
the
Conventions
of
Society.



After the worries of professional life he finds music soothing to the nerves.

WHEN you see a motor-car driven through a crowded street by a chimpanzee, you cannot help feeling somewhat interested. The spectacle was visible a day ago, and a *Daily Mirror* representative pursued the ape chauffeur to his lair. This lair is the Hippodrome, where Mr. Consul is appearing twice a day.

When Off the Stage.

Those who have only seen Mr. Consul from afar off in their places among the Hippodrome audience can but poorly appreciate his singularity. For Mr. Consul differs from other stage-performers in many points, but most of all in that he is more interesting off the stage than on it.

The atmosphere of a stage is one of illusion, and even the Hippodrome programme, speaking of Mr. Consul, asks "What is it?" The audience has no doubt. It is a performing chimpanzee.

Only when you have the privilege of meeting Mr. Consul in private life does doubt

arise. Then you discover that he is not a mere performing animal. He is far more intelligent and no more ugly than many other people to whom you are introduced.

The Well-informed Person's Mistake.

On the stage he seems to light a cigarette and smoke it. "Of course," you being a well-informed person, remark to your neighbour, "his trainer told him what to do though we couldn't hear it."

In his own rooms, Mr. Consul, after the usual formalities of introduction, takes a cigarette from a box if one is handy, and, if not, from your pocket. His "trainer" is as mythical a person as Mrs. Harris.

It is true that he has a travelling companion, Dr. Scott, and a valet, Henry, who is a little nigger boy. But his only trainer is himself which is more than most wealthy arrivals in London society can say for themselves.

Mr. Consul takes a cigarette or a cigar, not because it is a trick, but because he likes it. For the same reason he ascends to the table,

walks to the glasses, pours himself out a "go" of whisky, and, after replacing the stopper, fills up his glass with soda-water. When he drinks it you know that it is not because he is "showing off"—wherein appears his superiority to the youthful human.

Teetotalers may find in this a proof that he is a beast. Others will notice that he is the most civilised of all beasts.

Not Married.

All his motives are those of the ordinary sensible person. He wears clothes because they are warm. He rides a bicycle and does trapeze work for the sake of exercise. He sleeps on an iron bedstead, with the usual outfit of sheets and blankets, for the usual reason. He eats the ordinary hotel meals because he cannot get better. And he is not married.

In a word, he is a thoroughly competent chimpanzee of the world. He is not "smart," for his manner is rather the grave courtesy of a past generation. And, although he has another ten years and more to grow, he is not uncomfortably young.

His "accomplishments," if you choose to call them so, were not intentionally taught to him. When, some three or four years ago, he was taken from his native jungle in West Africa, he was doubtless as uncivilised as, say, a millionaire from South Africa.

But almost immediately he went to America to live in a private family—that of Mr. Boston, the menagerie proprietor. Being treated as one of the family he soon picked up the conventions of society.

"It is not every chimpanzee," says Dr. Scott, "who would do this. Indeed, he is far the most intelligent ape I have ever known."

His First Conquests.

Though only five years old now, he has been "out" for a long time. New York was the scene of his first conquests, but, having been brought up in America, he naturally went to Paris.

The voyage across the Atlantic was a matter of some anxiety to his friends, for the rigging of the ship was a standing menace to their peace of mind. So during the journey he did not have as much freedom as he wished. But his behaviour was, as usual, exemplary, and he reached Paris in excellent health.

In France he immediately reached the position of a Distinguished Visitor. He was sought not only in the theatres, but in private houses. His fixture list was soon full, and he was continually lunching and dining out. Parties of distinguished Frenchmen were invited to meet him, and on almost every occasion he was strictly decorous. It is true that after one dinner party he climbed on the table

is at present having trouble with his first teeth, which he is changing for his second.

Mr. Consul does not talk, or, rather, he does not speak English. But he certainly understands every word said to him, not only those words which he hears constantly. For example, Dr. Scott last night introduced a visitor to Mr. Consul after he had gone to



Yes, I am Mr. Consul.

bed—which he shares with the valet, Henry. After a few minutes conversation Dr. Scott remarked, "There's Henry fast asleep. Why don't you wake him up?" In a moment Mr. Consul was on the bed and leaping repeatedly into the air. At each jump he descended—he weighs forty-four pounds—on the prostrate form of Henry, who presently rolled on to the floor protesting loudly against the disturbance. Mr. Consul had



He offers tribute to beauty.

and took off all his clothes. But this seeming eccentricity was forgotten.

Since he came to London this whirl of gaiety has rather left off whirling, and he has not hitherto attended any private functions. The reason for this is not stated. It can hardly be that London society has suddenly become exclusive again. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the fact that he

instantly understood the hint, which, from Henry's fixed air of geniality, he probably has not often heard.

One final proof of his human nature may be mentioned. No man is a hero to his valet, and neither is Mr. Consul. "Consul," confided the small nigger to a visitor, "is as hard to manage as a white man." The tone in which the words were uttered indicated sorrow rather than anger.



Comfy.

Upwards of £200 in Prizes for Bridge Players.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we re-print the TWELFTH COUPON. Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, Dec. 1, 3, 5, and 8 (which contain the eleven previous coupons), and send in all the twelve together carefully observing the rules which appeared in yesterday's *Mirror*, and will appear again to-morrow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 11 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

£150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

THE CASH PRIZES.

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

S FIFTY POUNDS S

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

USE DISCRETION IN SMALL MATTERS.

"J. A." wishes us to advise "where to write the explanatory notes on the play." "I am using," he says, "the Simplex form. Should I write on the back of the form, or on a separate half-sheet of note-paper attached?"

It is not of any consequence. Provided the rules are complied with, solvers may consult

their own convenience. We fear some competitors have not read our previous replies, or we should not be called upon to answer the same queries so many times over.

THE SIMPLEX BRIDGE TOURNAMENT RECORD.

Books of 24 ruled forms, which enormously abridge the task of transcribing the play, may be obtained by sending *Postal Order*, crossed Barclay and Co., for 1s. 1d. to the Publishers,

2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C. The use of these forms is not obligatory, though they are strongly recommended. When they are used the result of the deal may be stated at foot, in the space provided (instead of at the head), thus: "Score: Y and Z make 8 tricks."

A LUNATIC AT LARGE.

"Gephyra" is a lady with the courage of her opinions. "I see from the *Mirror* of Dec. 3," she writes, "that third player, hold-

ing ♠ A, 3; ♣ K, Q, 10, 8, 7, 4, 2; ♠ J, 6, 3; ♣ 3, doubled the dealer's declaration of No-trumps. I hope his friends are keeping an eye on him, in view of his mental condition, for he is undoubtedly a dangerous lunatic. Heaven protect me from 'sporting players,' if this is a specimen and there is any danger of meeting him across the Bridge table. Perhaps the loss of 406 points will restrain his sporting instincts. But how about his poor partner? . . . With several 'ifs' to help him the S. P. might pull through, but he doesn't deserve to do so, and I am very glad he didn't, so that his failure may serve as an awful example of righteous retribution."

OUR TURN NEXT.

After having pulverised the "S. P.," "Gephyra" turns and rends ourselves, fastening, first of all, with exultation upon a perfectly obvious misprint, in a passage where we originally wrote: "The danger was that the dealer held ♠ A, J, x" (the "x" standing for an indifferent small card). Our fair combatant protests against the view that, with ♠ J instead of ♠ 10, the double would have been legitimate, apparently basing her objection on the fact that the hand includes only one card of re-entry. The plain and simple rule for third hand, which we have always practised and inculcated, is: *Double if you hold A, K, Q, seven in a suit.* The main reason is that it is highly necessary to inform the leader right away that he must play for a long and strong suit in your hand, and not open his own long suit. By parity of reasoning, double also if you hold K, Q, J, seven in a suit, and an ace for re-entry. You want the suit led and established at once; it is your best, if not the only, chance of the odd trick. There is always a certain element of risk; but the risk should be run. Over-timidity is as fatal a fault as overboldness.

MISCELLANEOUS REPLIES.

Den.—(1) Yes. (2) Rule 5 is quite explicit. Every set must be complete and independent. C. B. P.—"Write out what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal at 'Double Dummy.' The object is not to make YZ win tricks, to which they are not fairly entitled, through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z."

Score: Love all. Z deals and declares hearts. A leads ♠ K. The hands of Y and B are then exposed.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal at *Double Dummy*. The object is not to make YZ win tricks, to which they are not fairly entitled, through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
or
Address..... Initials.....

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6/6 P.O.O. and 6d. for postage.

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Our Great Xmas Sale is Now On. WONDERFUL BARGAINS for EVENING WEAR in all classes of Silks, Satins, Transparent Silks, Tinselled Goods, Dress Fabrics, Lace, Lace and Sequin Robes, Blouses, Ribbons, Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers, Feathers, &c. A LARGE VARIETY of USEFUL GOODS for PRESENTS. SPECIAL LOTS of Warm, Cheap Linen suitable for CHARITIES. Our Circular, giving full particulars, sent Post Free. We have also issued 4 Illustrated Circulars of Latest Fashionable Goods, which we shall be pleased to send Post Free.

SAMUEL LEWIS & CO., HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

OXO
Keeps Warmth Inside.



THE HUNT AFTER BEAUTY.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A PILGRIM
OF SEVENTEEN IN SEARCH
OF PRETTINESS.

"**P**OR Anne will never be exactly pretty. Her complexion is dreadful. In point of fact she is George over again. But she's a nice girl." So spoke mamma.

I, at that time the poor Anne above mentioned, but now a radiant Anne, listened aghast. George is papa. His complexion is like a piece of parchment, and suits him, for he is a barrister, and I have always maintained, and shall continue to do so, that men of his profession cherish and practise some scheme for making their faces resemble their briefs. But a girl of seventeen who is never to be exactly pretty, because her skin is sallow, has a drab career before her. Of course, she may be nice, but, if she be ugly as well, niceness is not much consolation.

Mamma is Complaisant.

Mamma, who is comely and very complaisant, and as a consequence in course of time will probably become obese, would have let matters stand where they were. That is her way. But luckily Aunt Lucille was at hand, fresh home from India, where I understand complexions have to be coaxed and cultivated just as enthusiastically as exotics must be in this country.

"I will take you to Mrs. Pomeroy's," said good Aunt Lucille. "I am going there for treatment myself, and you shall accompany me." So we ordered the landaulette and swiftly buzzed down to 29, Old Bond-street, leaving mamma to take out the brougham



Mrs. Pomeroy—a beauty specialist at whose atelier good complexions are produced.

and the fat horses for a slow and solemn round of the shops.

Mrs. Pomeroy is just the specialist to whom a girl in despair over her appearance should go. She is not only a pretty woman herself, but she possesses the knack of inspiring others with a fixed determination to become pretty also. Her methods are good, common-sense ones. For example, she told me that though after half a dozen of her face treatments, for which I should have to pay just thirty shillings, I should notice an enormous alteration for the better in my complexion, I should have to promise to do a great deal for myself, and particularly to consider that nuisance, Little Mary, with respect to my diet. I should have to give up eating pastry, because pastry makes a sallow skin turn the colour of mud, and I should have to utter a determined "no" when tempted by pounds of sweetmeats. I should so much like to devour. And for these dainties I must substitute plenty of raw and cooked fruit and vegetables, and, in particular, good apples. Also a certain tendency towards laziness and a disinclination to do anything much, which Aunt Lucille very kindly betrayed as one of my besetting sins, would have to be combated, and plenty of exercise be substituted, to which end, I may add, I have induced mamma to allow me to add, I have induced mamma to allow me to leave off the major portion of my lessons, so that, during the next three months that will elapse before the season begins and I am presented at Court, I may be giving the open air life that Mrs. Pomeroy so heartily advises every chance. It was with rather a fluttering heart that I followed Aunt Lucille into a very charming treatment salon, where we removed our head-gear and furs prior to being ushered into our respective boudoirs, which were separated from one another by a large screen.

At the Shrine of Beauty.

What happened first was that I was bidden to sit down in a most luxurious armchair, padded as comfortably as my papa has in his study, where, I may remark, the most inviting seats in our establishment are to be found, and did so. Then I was invested, firstly, with a huge white linen bib which fell down right over my gown, and felt another strip

of linen being pinned across my brow in order that my hair should not get touched by any of the unguents that were about to be used. I expect I looked uglier than ever at that juncture.

Next I was asked whether I would be steamed or not. Everyone has the option here of undergoing this preliminary detail or of omitting it. Aunt Lucille's voice then became audible. "Steam her," it cried. "There is nothing like steam for a muddy complexion." "But you shall not steam me," she continued. "I am just home from India, and my skin is a wee bit disposed to be flabby."

The Steaming Process.

So I was steamed, and Aunt Lucille was not. I found the process delightful, though



The beautifying process of face massage which anyone in search of prettiness can try without assistance.

once more I must have looked too ludicrous with my head enveloped in a funnel of pink muslin, and my face at close quarters with the Russian steam bath, which emitted a most refreshingly aromatic odour, and made my face supple enough to benefit to the full from the massage treatment that followed.

Many girls massage their own faces at home, and a very excellent beauty recipe this is if properly performed. Mrs. Pomeroy has taught me to use her skin food each night, and says that soap should never touch the face; also that the skin food, after having been gently kneaded into the cuticle, should have every bit wiped away. The massage movements employed on my physiog-

nomy were all upwards about the jaw and chin, across the forehead, and round the eyes and temples, when I was told an excessively tender touch should be bestowed, owing to the fact that the skin is very thin beneath the eyes, and rough handling induces wrinkles. Had mamma been the patient her chin would have been very thoroughly massaged in order to tone up the drooping muscles, and the tapping movement that was bestowed upon my face in moderation would have been slaps smartly applied to hers. But then mamma has a lamentable disposition towards a double chin. It is a pity she does not consult Mrs. Pomeroy.

After the skin food had been applied and kneaded well into the face, every vestige of it was removed by means of a dainty little square of lawn, which was immediately thrown away. My complexion was next furthermore beautified by the application of a thin oatmeal cream, that had previously been most carefully mixed by the agency of rosewater. Very thorough massage was necessary to remove every particle of the oatmeal, which fell in flakes into a cleverly arranged little towel-tray which I wore round my neck.

An application of electricity followed. Many girls will imagine, I am sure, that my eyes nearly started out of my head, and I literally jumped from my chair as the result

of all this manipulation, I was commanded to close my eyes, and a spray was applied, which felt like a soft summer shower upon my up-turned face. Then my face was fanned until it was quite dry—a long, delicious experience. Finally, I was given a touch of dry powder, which, in answer to my request, was all wiped away by means of a soft piece of chamois leather, for mamma is particularly antagonistic to any beautifier of this kind, and I am sure would look askance at the bottle of liquid powder that Aunt Lucille purchased for her own use. "Just a soupçon," I heard that lady remark at the close of our half-hour's treatment, and wondered to what she referred. As we glided home in the landaulette she explained to me, under a promise of secrecy, that the soupçon was a tiny touch of rouge which Mrs. Pomeroy never provides unless asked to do so.

Aunt Lucille is going to knead my face at



"A spray like a soft summer shower fell upon my upturned face. Then my face was fanned until it was quite dry—a lovely, delicious experience."

night, in the American manner, with a pad of chamois leather, and I shall sit at her feet and learn more concerning beauty producing methods.

IMPORTED CRIME.

On the subject of the criminal alien immigration, Mr. Claude Hay, M.P., tells a story of a visit which he paid to a German prison in company with N "an official friend."

On the governor of the prison drawing their attention to a notorious burglar who occupied a cell, the "official friend" inquired what would be done with the man when his sentence expired.

"Oh," replied the governor, who was ignorant of the nationality of his visitors, "we shall manage to get him shipped to London." O

LADY CONSTANCE MACKENZIE'S TOUR.

Lady Constance Mackenzie, who is in the United States, has started upon a hunting expedition in Texas. She has excited much curiosity by travelling alone, and also by her elaborate hunting apparel.

She began her sport by shooting birds, and on the first day she made seventy-five hits out of a hundred snapshots. Lady Constance is now proceeding to the ranch of Mrs. King, the "Cattle Queen," where she will shoot Mexican wild hogs, bears, and coyotes (the miserable wolf-like animal of the prairie). F.



The American method of kneading the face with pads of chamois leather.

A beauty specialist making a pretty face still prettier by massage.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXX.

Continued.

"Of course, there was no doubt. There had never been any doubt, only, as long as that name remained unspoken, Mrs. Lorison could have pretended not to see."

"Thank you for your confidence," she said, in her well-bred, even voice, that was not made to express emotion. "You are right. Life is deeply in your debt, but—look out!" She drew the girl to the side of the road, with a little laugh. "Do not let us be run over by this automobile!"

The great, white car flew by. "How cold your hand is, Mrs. Lorison," said Martia.

"Is it? I always feel the chill about this time, don't you?" They turned up towards the station, and she added, very slowly: "I wonder if there was any excuse for her—for your mother?"

"How could there be?"

"Ah, yes, how could there be?" The train steamed into the station just as they reached the platform, and it was crowded, so that there was no more opportunity for conversation of a private nature. Martia leaned back in her seat with closed eyes, and Helen Lorison devoured her face with a furtively eager gaze.

She was beautiful, thought the mother, with a strangely stirring pride; more than beautiful; vivid, as he had been, and full of charm. She was like him, and yet not like. She had not his brains, so it appeared; perhaps that was well. And she had loyalty, instead of his selfishness; tolerance, instead of his over-weening vanity; and a large and healthy sanity, instead of his morbid imagination, which was an apology for vice. Helen knew all this without having occasion to discern it; it was written on the girl's expressive face.

The short distance between Beaulieu and Monte Carlo seemed to flash by in a second. Helen stood up; she was the only one to leave the carriage; there were a dozen eager to take her place.

Martia held out her hand, and whispered impulsively, "I am so glad I have met you."

"Come and see me," said the older woman. "Do come! Come soon!"

"Thank you, I will."

Helen Lorison saw Martia smile at her from the window of the carriage, as the train moved on. The smile was the complement to the glance of yesterday. It expressed no longer anticipation, but satisfaction. It said: "I wanted to know you, and, now that I know you, I am glad."

But what a gulf yawned between to-day and yesterday, between this hour and the last.

The thought of being within four walls crushed her; she felt that she must go somewhere where the winds of Heaven could penetrate her brain and blow away the cobwebs that had been spun by time round the old story, and leave only the hard facts, the bare truth that she must envisage, that there lived in the world a human soul that owed its earthly envelope to her and to that man who was dead, whose memory she had hated, but whom she had long since forgotten.

So, despite the fact that it was late for such a trip, she went in the little mountain railway up to La Turbie, that little cluster of old houses, with its Roman tower, perched on the ridge from which one sees the whole beautiful coast spread like a map in relief at one's feet, and, on the other side, valleys and the snows of the Alps, and, on such a day as this that Helen Lorison chose for her ascent, after sunset, a vision that is like a glimpse into fairyland—Corsica, rising like a group of icebergs flaming in the red glow of the setting sun.

Mrs. Lorison walked past the big new restaurant, and up the uneven slope to the little summit from which one sees this glorious view in its perfection, and also the forts, solid and business-like and neatly hidden, with which France crowns those mountain guardians of her U fair coast.

She sat down on the grass, heedless alike of the view and of her white frock and of the air that cut like knives, and had sent all the tourists down more than an hour ago.

Her daughter—that girl was her daughter. It must be; there could be no mistake. The woman, Louise Kertolen, had lied when she sent her word that the child was dead. She had been moved, no doubt, by a cupidity common to her class. Someone had wanted the child, and she had sold it, and sent the mother word that it was dead. It was true enough that the mother had said she would never claim it, when the hard-featured Breton woman had looked up into her face and asked her if she were sure she would never regret.

She had regretted, when she was lonely and ill, but she had always thought of the child as dead, and time had healed the wound, and the feverish life of after years had driven away

all thought of it, so that now the memory was like a garden that is all grown over with weeds. She had always known that she was an unnatural woman, without any of those gentle and self-denying instincts which have made womanhood a thing to be set up on a pedestal and worshipped for ever. Or, perhaps, she was not really more unnatural than other women, or very much further removed from that beautiful abstract idea; only more fearless than most, and less capable of unconscious subterfuge. Who shall say?

At the first, her story had been a most ordinary one, ordinary, that is to say, in modern days, the story of the revolt of a high-spirited and abnormally intellectual female human being against the cramped conditions of provincial life. The atmosphere of the dirty manufacturing town stifled her. Her parents were poor; her mother was an invalid, and her father a stern, morose, and rigidly conventional man, with decided opinions about the place of daughters in the house and in the world. Helen showed her remarkable gifts of mind and an extremely early age. She could master her brother's lessons with the greatest ease, but her father frequently exhausted his stock of self-control, which was not large, in trying to make her do housework. He flew into ungovernable rages, and several times struck her, which outrages she smarted under in proud but rebellious silence. She had a sister, as well as a brother, a stupid girl, but domesticated, who was constantly held up as a pattern to her, and who spied on all her actions, and reported to her father that Helen pored over books printed in strange characters, and was frequently heard to remark that directly she grew up she would run away.

Helen was the youngest. As an added aggravation, she grew up into startling beauty, while the other two were commonplace and unrefined in appearance. She was looked upon as a sort of monster in the house. Where she got her face or her brains from nobody could understand.

Her mother's death was the last straw. She had been very irritating, but kind. The father wanted to make a school-mistress of the brilliant girl. She was just sixteen, but quite a woman in appearance and in mind. Her brother was articled to a reputable solicitor in a neighbouring town; her sister was married to an estate agent in quite a prosperous position.

The prospect of being left alone with her father appalled Helen. She was just contemplating carrying out her childhood's threat and running away, when she met Roland Lorison.

In the early days of their life together, when he was intoxicated by her acute intelligence and vivid charm, he had been wont to say that a miracle was wrought for them on that day when he had been walking in the streets of Grayburn, and she had dropped a book, and he had picked it up for her, and found that it was the Antigone in the original, and forthwith entered into conversation with the startling and learned young beauty. He prolonged his visit to the friend with whom he was staying at his place near by, contrived to see Helen nearly every day, and, at the end of a fortnight, married her secretly and took her to Paris.

She wrote to her father from there, but he was too furious to take any notice.

It took her two whole years to find out what sort of a man she had married. He was a type sufficiently common nowadays, but rarer then; a man brilliant, idle, unstable, intensely selfish, full of the doctrines of German philosophers, steeped in the very deepest dye of pessimism, and possessed of but one object in life, and that the satisfaction of the tastes and desires that he had refined out of all likeness to the healthy appetites of the ordinary human animal. She herself was supremely healthy, and her mind was large and broad and sane. And he set himself to poison and corrupt it, and she always considered that he had succeeded.

She could smile now, as she thought of herself then, a child in years, with her eager, inquisitive mind, and all the strange forces of budding womanhood stirring in her, uprooted from the humdrum provincial life, and set down on a sudden in Paris, in that milieu of ultra-refined Bohemianism where the word freedom was set up on a pedestal and worshipped as god. She, too, had dreamed of freedom, and she thought that that was life. She was surrounded by men of letters, artists, scientists, brilliant failures most of them, with the curse of idleness on them; men who did little and talked much.

When she thought of them now it seemed to her that they did nothing but talk. They talked incessantly, and she listened, entranced; they held forth in impassioned terms on the greatness and loftiness of their creed, which consisted in the negation of faith in everything except in themselves. They lightly dismissed all forms of religion as base superstition, "accounting it," as Vasari said of Leonardo, "much better to be a philosopher than a Christian." A few of them had strange cults of their own, worshipping a deity with a high-sounding name, such as Nature, whose cult they interpreted as permission to wander along any road on which their perverted instincts might lead them.

Of such was Roland Lorison, a man of thirty, of distinguished appearance, with a delicate face, wasted by illness, and cold eyes, which had the fascination of burnt-out fires. The life that he gave her was wonderful to the enthusiastic girl, with her over-developed brain. As the wife of the leading spirit among them, she received the homage of all

these brilliant wastrels, who frittered away their great gifts in grandiloquent talk. She soon learned to think as they did; she spoke their jargon, with kindling eyes; and, recognising that she brought a living spirit into their midst, they called her their Inspiration, their Guiding Star. A portrait of her by one of them still exists, a masterpiece, the one of a real creation of a barren life. She sits on a throne in all her wonderful, compelling beauty, the girl woman, with all secrets in her dreaming eyes; her foot rests on a book, and in her hand she holds a pomegranate, as a queen holds the orb of sovereignty. The picture was more discussed than any other in its year, and is now one of the most cherished objects of a famous private collection.

Her husband appeared to adore her, and she imagined that she loved him. She certainly held his fancy longer than any other woman could have done, because he delighted in her extraordinary precocity, and it was a constant pleasure to him to instil into that vivid and ardent mind the blighting doctrines that he professed.

She was barely seventeen when her child was born. Roland Lorison resented it intensely; he hated responsibilities of any sort. She had often thought since that she would have cherished and loved the child, like any ordinary mother, if he had allowed her to. But he was exacting and impatient of anything that diverted her attention from himself. He required that she should be entirely absorbed in him, and have no other thoughts. So the child was put out to nurse away in Brittany, and Helen was so young herself and so taken up with ideas to the exclusion of facts, that she went back to the old life willingly enough, and became once more the centre of that select and neurotic circle; and motherhood seemed to have made no impression on her, except that she talked more brilliantly and looked even more beautiful than before.

She used to snatch a day now and then, leaving her husband with his opium pipe, which he resorted to more and more frequently as the days passed, and travel to the little Breton fishing village, where Louise Kertolen lived, and gaze with awe-struck eyes upon the little atom of humanity that was hers. At first she could experience no feelings at all, which disappointed her, for, if only out of her fierce desire for knowledge, she longed in secret to understand the joys of maternity. But, as time passed, and the child thrived and grew and began to notice her when she visited it, she would go back to Paris with a sort of wistful wonder in her heart whether, after all, it would not be a better life to watch over the child and, later on, play with it and teach it, than to join with these restless and dissatisfied friends of her husband's in the ceaseless search for new sensations, in the frantic pursuit of impressions, of abstract ideas to which they gave great names—Beauty and Truth and Freedom—but which meant nothing more or less than the selfish pampering of body and mind, the life for self, without regard for any other creature in the world.

She spoke to him about it at once; but he answered her with amazed cynicism when she suggested that she should have the child in their tiny but exquisitely furnished flat, and playfully declared that, if she wanted a toy, he would buy her a doll, which would not squeal. On that occasion he remarked that the child would no doubt become interesting when she grew up, and that he looked forward to training her mind when she left school, and further declared, with sublime arrogance, that they had given her the finest possible birthright of brains and culture and sensibility and freedom from the tyrannies of tradition and superstition; and that she ought to become one of the picked members of the human race. And, although this was in accordance with the theories that Helen had imbibed from him during the two years of her married life, yet, somehow, she did not feel quite sure that he was right.

From that day dated her disillusionment. By the end of the year it was complete. On the day he died she hated him. She saw him as he was; for months her eyes had been opened a little more every day. He grew tired of her, and did not attempt to hide it. Her mind was far too sane to remain long in the narrow circle of his selfish morbidity. He saw it and resented it. It was her extreme youth that had delivered her so completely into his hands. He saw that she pined for her child, and mocked her, called her a bourgeoisie, and reminded her of her origin, and said she was unworthy of the high place he had given her among the elect few who were the citizens of the world.

She saw what he had done to her: she believed he had killed the soul in her for ever; she was only nineteen. She understood that he had used her just as long as she chose to provide new sensations for him, to minister to his passion for morbid analysis of the souls of his fellow creatures. He had never loved her; she had been a study. He had diverted her intelligence into wrong channels; he had killed the germs of faith in her and the reverence for healthy human things that were good and beautiful; he had poisoned in her breast the well-springs of motherhood; he had shown her life through the black glasses of an incurable pessimism; he had played with her enthusiasm and juggled with her holiest feelings, as if they were a conjuror's glass balls. He had, with fiendish skill, enslaved her mind and soul and body to his pleasure; and he had died mocking her, and left her at nineteen with a withered soul.

To be Continued A To-morrow.



Odol is without any doubt the best of all known preparations for cleansing the Mouth and Teeth.

Price 1/6 a Flash, 2/6 a large Bottle, to be obtained of all Chemists. E

GLOVES

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Immense Variety at Warehouse Prices.

Ladies' Grey or Brown "Kid" Gloves with Fur Tops to match and half Squirrel lined, 1 Press (as illustration) 4/11 per pair.

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BY ROYAL WARRANT.

takes off the CHILL.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Fashions for Evening Wear.

PICTURESQUE EFFECTS.

THE REVIVAL OF THE BOUILLONNEE.

TO be immediately chronicled is a new ombre mousseline velours, an ideal fabric for the manteau de soir, and especially beautiful in a subdued tone of mandarin orange, in which the "reflets" graduate from quite a pale yellow to the rich depth of the

mandarin. At the theatre, where all the smart folk in town most do congregate, the velvet evening gown is distinctly in prominence. Its expression is invariably picturesque, skirts full, and bodice with long sharp point, the décolletage shaped into an elongated round, if one may so describe the cut characteristic of the Louis periods.

An Atelier to be Cultivated.

Immensely impressed by the importance of the historically picturesque is Miss Mary Dickens, of 190a, Sloane-street, a modiste who culls her notions from old prints, and cleverly adapts them to modern requirements. She is, furthermore, for the moment making a speciality of inexpensive little evening frocks for young girls, ready mounted with corsage complete for seven guineas. Such a one, indeed, as is pictured here, of black fishing net over pink chiffon. This boasts a really beautifully cut skirt, set with gaugings at the waist in accordance with the latest vogue, and stitched with ruches. The corsage resolves itself into a deep berthe of fine black lace, which falls over one of pink chiffon hemmed with a pink satin ribbon, and is worn well off the shoulders, surmounted by deftly disposed shoulder straps of black and pink chiffon.

Another distinctly French and exceedingly elegant gown is of pale blue and white chiné chiffon, the bouillonnée skirt melting into a deep flounce, that drops lower in front than at the back, and is set on with a series of tiny gaugings. Of the very simplest order is the blousee bodice with a front empiècement of white chiffon appliqué with blonde lace, and high silver belt, the whole proclaiming itself the epitome of good taste and style.

As a fashioner of blouses eminently individual in style Miss Mary Dickens ranks very high. She has the inestimable faculty of being able to express chic without fuss and ostentation, and is showing among many other pretty things of the hour a model in écarpe de Chine adorned with giant, jagot stitching, velvet, and Irish lace. A speciality, too, is made of shirts in tussore, delaine, and nun's veiling, at genuinely moderate prices. One, in the first-named fabric, finding the most tasteful of completions in a red velvet cravat,

the ends weighted with silver tassels, and smart bow of white tulle. But the order of things throughout at Sloane-street betokens a peculiar originality of thought, allied to a skill considerably above the ordinary, in the carrying out of the conceptions.

Bouillonnées Coming into Fashion.

Relating to bouillonnées, there is every cause for conjecture that this rather fussy



A
dainty little
Dance
Dress
of
fish net
and
pink
chiffon.



A
Blouse
of
lilac crepe
de Chine,
touched
with
gold.

WANTED— A Hair Hospital

There are certain phases of hair trouble doubtless beyond the pale of home treatment, and to deal with these a Hair Hospital, as suggested by "Thirty-six and Bald," in the "Daily Mail," may be a necessity. This was certainly so until Mr. Geo. R. Sims mentioned in the columns of the "Referee" that the silken locks which are still his have been kept on by the use of an invention of his own. Dagonet's words were no sooner in print than an avalanche of letters poured in on him from all parts of the world, showing thereby how deeply rooted is the love for "Nature's Crown." Personal appearance counts for so much in the battle of life that the hair becomes a vital question more than ever.

"For my own part?" (writes a correspondent from West Kensington) "I will willingly subscribe myself as an annual donor of one hundred guineas to the upkeep of such a hospital as suggested by 'Thirty-six and Bald,' and I am but one of the thousands who are stigmatised as: 'Thou Bald Head.'"

The following are some of those who spontaneously express their gratitude for the benefits conferred by Mr. G. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

Lady Sykes on Home Treatment.

2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, W.
When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

(Lady) JESSICA SYKES.

Mrs. Norman Forbes Robertson on Home Treatment.

42, Bedford Square, London, W.C.
"Tatcho" is very much appreciated. I have used it for some time and have found it most beneficial, and have had pleasure in recommending it to my friends. Mrs. NORMAN FORBES ROBERTSON.

Lady Powell on Home Treatment.

Torr-Almain, Dunoon, N.B.
Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho."

Bald Patch Nearly Re-covered.

59, Fortess Road, London, N.W.
I give you my experience of "Tatcho." My age is 32, hair very grey, have used one bottle of "Tatcho" in nine weeks. When I commenced I had a bald patch on top of head about 4 inches across. This is now re-covered to about 2½ inches, the hair having grown all round the outer edge, and I believe it will soon be entirely covered.

JOSEPH LYON, 75.

As Good a Crop as Ever.

47, Chantry Road, Southampton.
Last October my hair began falling out in large quantities, and by Christmas I was almost bald. I then started using your preparation, and by the time I had finished one bottle my hair had ceased falling out. I have now used two small bottles and three large ones, and am pleased to tell you that I have as good a crop of hair as ever I had.

P. SHAW.

After Twenty-two Years.

Honiton, Devon.
I lost my hair very suddenly some twenty-two years ago, and now I am pleased to say it is fast coming back, thanks to the efficacy of "Tatcho."

J. E. RICHMAN.

Altho' Seventy Years of Age.

Greenside, Stock, Essex.
Mrs. Allison had a bottle of "Tatcho" some weeks ago, and although she is over seventy years of age has found it very beneficial, as her hair, which was very thin (and in some places quite bald), has grown.

Major-General Keale on Home Treatment.

High Croft, Winchester.
I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

Bald for Twenty Years.

51, South King Street, Manchester.
I have been bald for nearly twenty-two years, my head being as shiny as a billiard ball, and, in my opinion, just as likely to ever grow hair. I, however, sent to you for a sample bottle of "Tatcho" about a month since, and hair has sprouted where hair used to be, so I expect shortly to be no longer known to my friends as a "bald-headed old buffer."

It has simply astounded me and my friends.

D. Q. DARLEY.

Colonel Perry on Hair Growing.

Royal Hibernal Hotel, Dawson Street, Dublin.
Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

Returned to its Natural Thickness.

The Cottage, Knighton, Nr. Leicester.
I think that your "Tatcho" is an excellent hair producer. Some ten weeks ago my hair came off very fast; all my friends noticed it, and I was getting very bald. After having used two bottles of your Non-Oily Preparation I am more than delighted to inform you my hair has nearly returned to its natural thickness.

JOSEPH HARWOOD.

51, Eastgate, Seaford, Lincs.
If all went to "Tatcho" with heads nearly as bald as mine was there would be few bald people seen going about.

S. AITKEN.

More Good than all Others.

Arnold Royd, Elland.
"Tatcho" has certainly done my hair more good than all the other special preparations I have had for my hair.

(Miss) L. SUTCLIFFE.

Until I Tried "Tatcho."

Marksbury Rectory, Near Bristol.
I have tried several hair restorers, but found no benefit from any of them until I tried "Tatcho." It became quite strong and thick.

(Mrs.) E. C. PARSONS.

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES.

5, Great Queen-st., Kingsway, London, W.C.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 120.—SOUSED MACKEREL.

INGREDIENTS.—Mackerel, flour, a bayleaf, a few peppercorns, a few thin rings of onion, vinegar and water.

Wash the fish, cut off the heads and trim the fins and tails neatly. Cut each fish across into two or three pieces, dip each piece in flour; shaking off all that does not stick on; put a layer of fish neatly in a deep pie dish, lay on the fish the bayleaf, peppercorns, and onion; continue these layers till the dish is nearly full, then pour in enough vinegar and water to well cover the fish, allowing one gill of water to each pint of vinegar. Cook the fish in a very slow oven about six hours, the slower the better. Place it in a clean dish and serve cold. If preferred, the onion may be omitted.

Cost 2s. 4d. for eight portions.

No. 121.—GRILLED MUTTON CUTLETS.

INGREDIENTS.—Eight mutton cutlets, one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, eight artichoke bottoms, half a pound of mashed potatoes.

Trim the cutlets neatly, leaving a narrow rim of fat

round each. Heat a gridiron. Warm the butter. Dip the cutlets in the butter, then place them between the gridiron and grill them for about eight to ten minutes before a clear, sharp fire. Turn them four or five times. When they are done dust them with salt and pepper, and put a little cutlet grill on the bone of each. Arrange the cutlets neatly on a ring of hot mashed potato. Put the artichoke bottoms, after heat, in a little stock, in the middle and pour round a little well-flavoured gravy.

Cost 1s. 4d. for six portions.

No. 122. 9d.—EGGS AU BEURRE NOIR.

INGREDIENTS.—Three ounces of butter, six eggs, salt and pepper to taste, two teaspoonfuls of parsley, one teaspoonful of good white vinegar.

Put one ounce of butter in a saucepan. Make it hot without browning it. Break the eggs and slip them carefully into the hot butter. Dust them over with salt and pepper, and fry them gently till they are lightly set. While the eggs are frying put two ounces of butter in a small saucepan; let it colour a deep golden tint. Pull the parsley into small pieces, but do not chop it. Wash it and dry it well in a cloth, and

add it to the butter, shaking it about in the pan till it feels crisp when a little is rubbed between the fingers. Then cut them in rounds about the size and double the thickness of half-a-crown. Thickenly create a fire-proof dish, dust it over inside with browned crumbs and grated cheese mixed in equal proportions. Put the sliced turnips in the dish, season them well. Pour in enough milk or white stock to moisten them. Put a thick layer of crumbs on the top and, lastly, a layer of grated cheese. Bake it in a moderate oven till a nice brown.

Cost 1s. 4d. for six portions.

No. 123.—TURNIPS AU GRATIN.

INGREDIENTS.—Turnips, browned crumbs, one ounce grated cheese, one ounce of butter.

Peel the turnips and boil them till they are half cooked. Then cut them in rounds about the size and double the thickness of half-a-crown. Thickenly create a fire-proof dish, dust it over inside with browned crumbs and grated cheese mixed in equal proportions. Put the sliced turnips in the dish, season them well. Pour in enough milk or white stock to moisten them. Put a thick layer of crumbs on the top and, lastly, a layer of grated cheese. Bake it in a moderate oven till a nice brown.

Cost 6d. for about six portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.
*Soused Mackerel. Breakfast Roll.
Chicken Rissoles. Poached Eggs.

LUNCH.
Pot au Feu. Fish Pie, Egg Sauce.
*Grilled Mutton Cutlets.

Jugged Hare. *Eggs au Beurre Noir.
Tomato Pie. Croquettes of Veal.

Baked Apple Dumplings.
Chocolate Mould. Cream Cheese.

BISCUITS.
COLD DISHES.
Cold Goose. Pressed Beef.
Steak and Mushroom Pie. French Salad.

TEA.
Hot Wholemeal Scones. Cress Sandwiches.
Kensington Fruit Cake.

APRICOTINES.
Banbury Cakes.

DINNER.
Clear Chicken. Artichoke Purée.

Boiled Halibut. Shrimp Sauce.
Devilled Whitebait.

Entrées.
Quenelles of Chicken in Aspic.
Beef Steak with Oysters.

Stuffed Shoulder of Mutton. Pigeons.

Game.
Salmi of Quails.
Haunch of Venison, Red Currant Jelly.

Vegetables.
*Turnips au Gratin. Baked Potatoes.

Sauces.
Charlotte Russe.
Normandy Pippins and Cream.

Savouries.
Anchovy Toast. Gruyère Buttons.

Ice.
Orange-Water.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.



THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 34.—RECIPE FOR "BŒUF A LA MODE."

By M. HERPIN, Chef of Claridge's Hotel.

The piece of meat mostly used is the point or sirloin of beef.

Preparation.—This should be done at least six hours before cooking. After having larded your meat with long strips of lard, season with parsley and pepper (taking care that this is done with the grain of the meat), place the meat in a bowl with the following preparation:—Half a bottle of white wine, half a bottle of red wine, one carrot, one Spanish onion cut in slices, two bayleaves, thyme, parsley, and pepper freshly ground, also a little salt. We call this "marinade." There should be sufficient of this liquor to cover the meat.

Cooking.—Take the beef out of the marinade, and fry in a saucepan with a little oil or fat until a nice golden colour is obtained on all sides; strain off the fat or oil, and pour into the pan the marinade already prepared (in which the meat had been soaking), with the vegetables, also add the following ingredients:—One wine-glass of brandy, one pint of stock, half-pint of tomato sauce. When this boils put in two calves' feet (which must have been previously blanched), and let the whole simmer gently on the side of the stove for about three and a half to four hours.

Dressing.—When about three-quarters cooked, strain off the sauce and pass it through a fine muslin sieve. Put the sauce in a pan to reduce, add a small turned carrot, butter, onions, and the calves' feet cut in discs to the beef; when this is sufficiently reduced and well skimmed it is ready to serve, which is done by placing the beef on a dish, and pouring round it the sauce and vegetables, and sprinkling with a little finely-chopped parsley just before placing on the table.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.
Bream. Brill. Cod. Halibut.
Flounders. Haddock. Turbot.
Mackerel. Soles. Lobsters.
Crabs. Oysters.

Meat.
Veal. Mutton. Beef. Pork.

Poultry and Game.
Surrey Pheasants and Chickens.

Rabbits. Turkeys. Geese. Ducks.

Pigeons. Pheasants. Partridges.

Hares. Teal. Snipe. Widgeon.

Wild Duck. Plovers.

Vegetables.
Carrots. Cauliflowers.

Celery. Celeriac. Cucumbers.

Mushrooms. Onions. Leeks. Seakale.

Spinach. Sorrel. Tomatoes.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Pomegranates. Pineapples. Persimmons.
Pears. Oranges. Apples. Figs.
Grapes. Bananas.

Walnuts. Chestnuts, and Brazil Nuts.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.
Arum Lilies. Asparagus Fern.

Scarlet and White Geraniums.

Lilium Lancifolium.

Myrtle. English and Parma Violets.

Cat Flowers and Flowers in Pots.

Mermet and White Roses.

Lilium Harriisi. Cyclamen.

Winter Cherries. Maidenhair Fern.

Kentias and Cocos (Palms).

"DAILY MIRROR" SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

12 WORDS 1s., 1d. PER WORD AFTERWARDS.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" DOMESTIC BUREAU.

HOW TO OBTAIN OUR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Owing to the large number of inquiries for servants, the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau (45 and 46, New Bond-street, London, W.) will (so far as employers are concerned), only be available in future to proved regular purchasers of this paper, whose names will be registered on the books of the Bureau. A reader who wishes to obtain a servant through the Bureau should fill in and sign the following form and post it, when her or his name will be placed on the permanent register so long as she or he is a regular purchaser.

The form must be received at the Bureau three days before a reader can avail her- (or him-) self of the Bureau.

A fee of five shillings will be charged whenever an employer is suited with a servant—payable only when a servant has been in a situation over a month without receiving or giving notice.

No guarantee is given that a servant will accept a place offered to her (or him), and the management reserve the right to refuse to register the name of any employer.

To the Managers,

"Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau,
45 & 46, New Bond St., London, W.

I purchase the "Daily Mirror" daily from
(Here the full name and address of the agent who supplies
the paper should be inserted)—

I require a

(Here state what servant is required.)
and, in the event of being "suited," I agree to pay 5s.
to the Bureau.

Signature of Reader—

(Name, Title, and full postal address of reader, as they
should appear on an envelope for post should be CLEARLY
written below.)

The advantages of the Bureau to Employers and Servants.

(1) The Bureau takes up and verifies servants' references. (While every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given.) The Employer is thus relieved of the worry and trouble of investigating references.

(2) No servant whose references are not thoroughly satisfactory will be entered on the Bureau's register.

(3) NO FEE OF ANY SORT IS REQUIRED OF SERVANTS.

(4) Readers may make appointments to interview servants at the Bureau.

Servants should note that:—

(1) No fee or charge of any kind whatever has to be paid by a servant.

(2) A servant, whose references are satisfactory, will receive, when her name is placed on the Bureau's register, a handsome little gift.

(3) The fact that a servant is on the Bureau's register is of itself evidence that her (or his) references are satisfactory, as no servant with unsatisfactory references is admitted thereto or allowed to remain upon it. A.A.

The Domestic Bureau is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; on Tuesdays from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; and on Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

BUTLER: age 42; 5ft. 10in.; disengaged; good references.—Write M. 25, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
BUTLER: with footman; height 5ft. 8in.; personal reference in London.—Write M. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st., W.
BUTLER: highly recommended; disengaged; 5ft. 8in.; good appearance.—Write M. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
COACHMAN: long references; experienced; age 40.—Write M. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
FIRST FOOTMAN or Under-Butler: age 24; 5ft. 8in.; good appearance; highly recommended.—Write M. 37, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
ROOM-COACHMAN: age 28; any capacity; experienced.—G. P. 16, Blomfield-street, Bury St. Edmunds, 2654.
ODDMAN: age 30; tall and strong; disengaged now.—Write M. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
VALET or Butler-valet: with footman; five years' excellent character; age 32; 5ft. 8in.; good appearance; shooting things.—Write M. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
YOUNG Man: 19, seeks situation in house and garden; good references.—T. Barnes, 54, Herbert-road, Manor Park, Essex.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Chef.

CHEF: from 15s. weekly; very good reference; very good at pastry.—Write M. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.

COOK (good): aged 27; £40; two years' good reference; wants kitchenmaid.—Write K. 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.
COOK (temporary): 13s. 6d. weekly or other; £30; disengaged; understands dairy; age 29.—A. 35, Cromley-street, Swindon, 3645.
COOK: aged 44; wages £28; town.—Write K. 603, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
COOK (very good plain): £25; nearly three years' good reference.—Write K. 111, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
COOK-HOUSEKEEPER: age 35; £60; recommended as a good cook and thoroughly sober.—Write K. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NHousekeepers.

A Housekeeper to single gentleman: place of trust; capable reference; speaks Spanish.—Write 416, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3676

SITUATIONS WANTED.

A S Housekeeper where servants kept; age 30; A thoroughly experienced.—Mrs. Morris, 3, Nutfield-villa, East Molesey, 3678

HOUSEKEEPER: age 50; over three years' A character; £40-45.—Write K. 501, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Companions.

COMPANION: age 22; £20; good needlewoman; town or country.—Write L. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
COMPANION: age 20; small salary.—Write L. 511, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
COMPANION (useful): domesticated, refined, trustworthy; £30.—Write A. 12, Carlton-terrace, Wiltshire, 3650

Lady's Maids.

MAID: age 35; experienced hairdresser, dressmaker, traveller.—Write L. 309, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
MAID: courtesie German; also speaks English, French; highly recommended.—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
MAID (German) wants place; £30; good dressmaker; baker; most obliging and useful.—Write L. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

MAID: £28; thorough dressmaker.—Write M. L. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (Useful): age 26; now in town; long A reference.—Write L. 46, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (Useful): now in town; age 25; do housework.—Write L. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (Useful): now in Lancashire; age 35; £30; country married.—Write L. 51, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (Useful): now at Burton-on-Trent; age 27; £28; good recommendation from disengaged.—Write L. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (useful): good needlewoman; plain A dressmaker; age 25.—M. H. 36, Crown-terrace, Richmond, 3677

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID: now in London; age 30; £26; 1500, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
HOUSEMAID: now in Chelsea; age 28; £24-£25; height 5ft. 6in.—Write H. 123, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

HOUSEMAID: now in London; age 22; £20.—H. 132, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID: now in Dorset; age 22; £20-£22.—Write H. 131, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID: now in London; age 27; £14-£16.—Write H. 134, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID: now in London; age 25; £13-£20.—Write H. 133, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SECOND HOUSEMAID: now in Windsor; age 23; £20-22.—Write H. 135, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

UPPER HOUSEMAID of 2: now in Bickley; age 27; £28; good recommendation from last lady.—Write H. 138, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

UPPER HOUSEMAID: now in London; £26; nearly two years in last situation; now disengaged.—Write H. 137, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

UPPER HOUSEMAID of 2 or 3: now in London; age 35; £28-30; over 4 years' experience as upper housemaid; well recommended by last lady.—Write H. 136, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on E next page.



WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

E

Mary de Medici

POISONS IN FOOD.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The letter signed "G. M.," in your issue of December 8, touches on a most important subject, and one which I wish could be more thoroughly ventilated. So many seem to be unaware of what really is one of the main points about food in the present day.

"Do we eat too much?"—a favourite question—is one easily answered for each individual by a simple calculation of calories, weight, and employment. But much more important is that put by "G. M."—"Do we eat the right sort of food?"

The discoveries of late years as to the presence of uric acid and other purin bodies in animal and some other foods are what deserve, and should command, the attention of the public from their important bearing on all the many complaints caused by retention of uric acid in the system.

Knowledge of the subject (so far as it has gone), and personal experience of a purine-free or (in other words) uric-acid-free diet, may lead to several conclusions very different from those in ordinary acceptance. L. H.

"ENGLAND'S SHAME."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Where is the sceptic that, reading his *Daily Paper*, can be blind to the awful amount of infanticide which is permitted in our midst, practically without protest?

Several of your correspondents would appear to doubt the existence of vermin and pestilential sores. I have known instances where houses even in the country have been practically alive with vermin. How, then, can helpless children escape when soap and water are unknown to them?

And then this disgraceful habit of giving a babe anything—beer, gin—"just something to stop its noise," they will say.

No one can really doubt that such conditions as Mr. Sherard referred to do exist. Can anyone suggest a remedy and push it forward until some legislation is adopted?

Your journal must reach thousands of mothers who deplore, as I do, the awful state of things that at present exists.

A MOTHER.

A SQUEAK OF RESENTMENT.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

We understood, and were delighted at the fact, that you very kindly promised the ladies a paper—"all to themselves."

Yet the men who scoffed at the idea condescend to "go in" for the competitions and annex the prizes.

Do you not think we are entitled to give vent to a little squeak of resentment?—We are, sir, etc.

FOUR OF YOUR AGGRIEVED AND HURT
LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

EARRINGS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The violence of "Nemo's" diatribe against these ornaments will not, I think, have much effect.

Earrings are no more barbarous than necklaces or bracelets, which are also worn by women of all grades of civilisation, and an almost invisible puncture of the ear cannot fairly be called a mutilation.

One sees every day ears in which earrings have been worn for years, but which have lost nothing of their original beauty. Let me remind your readers, in conclusion, all of whom I will admit that the Queen is the very personification of refinement, that she not only wears earrings herself, but has brought up all her daughters to wear them also.

WM. H. SCOTT.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The earring is perhaps the oldest ornament there is. One was given to Rebecca at the well.

For a lover to put a pair of earrings in his intended bride's ears is as good a sign of betrothal as an engagement ring, and much more becoming to most women.

Cricklewood, N.W. E MARK ANTONY.

TO STOP THE CAR.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Why should there not be on the tops of omnibuses, road-cars, and all public convey-

ances a bell to inform the conductor that a lady passenger on the top wishes the vehicle to stop for her to alight?

Men are able to run down the steps and jump off the omnibus in an agile manner, and I notice that many girls are now adopting that acrobatic plan. But elderly females like myself are not quite so clever, and would like a sure means of making the omnibus stop.

I have tried appealing to the driver, and have made my throat sore by so doing, and have prodded many Jehus in the back with my umbrella, which I am sure they cannot like; but find any other method of causing the vehicle to stop I cannot.

EMMA TOMKINS.

"THE FIERCE LIGHT."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

A reader of the protest appearing in today's *Daily Mirror* against the "Crevey Papers" sees the question from another standpoint. That there should be those who read, with more or less zest, the gossip and unsavoury facts disclosed, is in itself lamentable. Quite as lamentable is it that there should be such disclosures for anyone to make.

But, as in medical science the benefit of X-rays has been approved, so in moral and social science a like application of search-lights may serve to bring on the time of good that is to be; may help us "more wisely to refrain from propping up the evil that is." Evil is mainly perpetuated by the aid of secrecy's friendly mantle. It can be seen as evil, as vice it can be hated, without too clearly defining the sharp outlines of its features.

"Fierce lights" seem rather to be welcomed in education, public and private (especially the latter), in Church and in State, for the good that might be their outcome. Lights thrown upon the life of the Duke of Kent serve to bring out in stronger relief the marvels of the character, abilities, and absolute purity in life and thought of our late Queen and her Consort.

Wokingham, Berks, Dec. 7. U LUX.

TO HELP MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

In reply to your correspondent, C. J. J. S., I would suggest that she, and all other women interested in Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for tariff reform, join the women's branch of the Tariff Reform League, now in course of formation. Full particulars with regard to the mode of working it is proposed to adopt will now very shortly be announced.

Chelsea.

JULIA KINDER.

FRENCHWOMAN'S FIGURE.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The smartest Frenchwomen to-day would be horrified at the idea of tight-lacing; they try to cultivate general slowness and graceful lines, impossible to obtain if one draws in one's waist, causing the flesh to bulge just over and below the waist.

So much is this the case that the old, stiff, and hard corset is giving place to a new article knitted in silk cord, with no whale-bones except behind for lacing; and, of course, the stiff busk in front is retained for fastening.

Otherwise it is really a kind of silk tights, leaving the body perfectly free and doing away with the horrid figure, to my mind, of the "spider-waisted" woman. B. M.

Monte Carlo.

SPIDER WAISTS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Your correspondents on the subject of small waists appear to have forgotten a very important fact in their arguments, viz.: that if a certain part of the human frame is abnormally compressed, it is sure to bulge out ungracefully somewhere else.

The straight-fronted corset is the outcome of the fashion of tight-lacing; because women's stomachs (pardon the expression!) were becoming unduly prominent through unnatural lacing in of the waist.

Dr. Abernethy said, when asked his opinion on the subject of small waists, "The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the sooner will the sands of life run out."—Your obedient servant,

"PAUL TRUMAN."

A Testimony from Colney Hatch.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I am amused at the amazement expressed by some of your correspondents at a waist of fifteen inches.

Born with a waist of thirteen inches, by judicious treatment at the boarding school at which I was educated (where a special corsetiere was employed to lace the girls before they went to bed) it was speedily reduced to ten.

Since then I have had little difficulty in reducing it to five.

But I have no intention of stopping there. I have had as many as forty-three proposals in a day, but I have notified my intention of marrying no one who will not consent to my wearing my wedding ring round my waist instead of on my finger.

My medical adviser has recently recommended a strait-waistcoat as highly beneficial to the figure. COLNEY HATCH.

MARKETING BY POST.

12 words 1s., 1d. per word afterwards.

In view of the fact that the ordering of articles for use in the household by post is becoming increasingly popular the "Daily Mirror" has started a special department entitled "Marketing by Post" for the benefit of readers wishing to obtain goods and adver-

BBETTER than Cod Liver Oil.—Devonshire Clotted Cream; absolutely pure; lib.

1s. 4d., 1lb. 2s. 4d., free.—Mrs. Conyers, Morchardbishop, Devonshire.

BEAUTIFUL Mounted Picture of little child praying, entitled "Thy Kingdom Tum," post free. 1s. 6d.—Rathbone Publishing Company, 18, Rathbone-place, London, W.

CHRISTMAS Turkeys; splendid birds; at 10s., 9s., 7s. 6d., and 6s. each: Large fattened Geese, 5s. each: Large fat Fowls, 4s. a pair; all young; trussed; post free.—Miss Cox, Moss-

CUT FLOWERS.—Large boxes choice chrysanthemums, carriage paid, 1s. 6d.—Wilkinson, Oulton Broad Nurseries, Lowestoft.

DAINTY fancy Cakes for buffets or afternoons; very choice; beautifully packed; sample box, 5s. 6d. delivered.—Thompson & Co., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

DELICIOUS!—Bloaters and Kippers assorted, best quality, 1s. per box, 1s. 6d. per box, and 2s. per box.—Abbott, Curer, Lowestoft.

ELLALINE TERRISS, Edna May, Mabel Love use Marksewyn's Betanaphthol Soaps; three shilling tablets. 2s. 7d.: salaried reprint.

FINEST VALUE IN WINES.—Selected Vintages.
MOSELLE, anti-Gout, Still, 11/-, 12/-, 14/-,
25/-, and 30/-; Sparkling, 38/- and 54/-.
PORTS.—No. 1, 24/-; No. 2, 25/-; No. 3, 28/-.
SHERRY.—Full, 20/-; Fino, 25/-; Old, 28/-.

CLARET.—Bordeaux, 12/-; Medoc, 14/-;
Prieure, 18/-; Cambon, 21/-.
CHAMPAGNE.—1893 Vintage, 48/-.
Per doz. Carriage paid. Cash with order.
The MOSELLE and RHINE WINE CO., 22,
Billiter-street, E.C.

L 2s. 6d., 14lbs. 3s. 3d.; carefully cleaned; Carriage paid; particulars free.—FISHERMAN'S Syndicate, Grimsby.

LIVE FISH.—Choice selected Basket fresh
 1 Fish. 6lbs., 2s.; 9lbs., 2s. 6d.; 11lbs., 3s.;
 14lbs., 3s. 6d.; 21lbs., 5s., carriage paid, cleaned
 for cooking. Sure to please. Unrivalled value.
 Quick delivery. All kinds cured fish supplied.

List particulars free.—Standard Fish Company, Grimsby.

MINCMEAT without currants; perfectly digestible; highest testimonials; made by trained lady cook; is. per lb.—Ward, Lawrence Library, Weston-super-Mare.

SCARBOROUGH Simmel Cakes.—Send 1s. 10d.

SPLENDID Christmas Turkeys, 10s., 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 6s. each; Christmas Geese, 4s. 6d. each; Large Fowls, 4s. pair; trussed; also, *Mit. Sauter's Beach, Massachusetts.*

WHISKY DE LUXE.—Two bottles "Grouse"
Liqueur Whisky by post, 7s. 6d.—Matthew
Gloag, Perth, N.B. Established 1800.

WM. BOWRON'S XMAS HAMPER LIST.
A UNIQUE XMAS PRESENT.
The following hampers are a small selection

from Wm. Bowron's Xmas Price List. Thousands of similar hampers were sent last year all over the United Kingdom. These hampers make most acceptable Xmas Presents, as they are appreciated wherever received. Customers are saved all possible trouble by Wm. Bowron's unique system of Business, namely, all orders to the value of 5s. and upwards are Car. Paid in United Kingdom.

WILLIAM BOWRON'S SPECIAL HAMPERS
include the following:—
FOR TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. —
No. 1 contains: Turkey, 1lb. sausages, 1 Plum
Pudding, 1lb. Special Tea, 1lb. Fresh Butter,
1 Jar Cream.
No. 2 contains: Turkey, Ox Tongue, 1 Plum
Pudding, 1lb. Sausages, 1lb. Fresh Butter.

No. 7 contains: Brace Widgeon, Brace Partridges, 1 English Hare.
No. 8 contains: 8lb. Sirloin Beef, 1 Plum Pudding, Good Fowl.
No. 10 contains: Good Turkey, Small Ham, 1lb. Sausages, 1 Plum Pudding.
No. 12 contains: Turkey, Brace Partridges, 1 Plum Pudding, 1lb. Sausages.
No. 15 contains: Turkey about 9lb., 2lb.

Sausages, 1 Jar Cream.
FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.
 No. 1 contains: Turkey about 10lb., 2lb. Plum
 Pudding, 1lb. Tea, 1lb. Fresh Butter, 1 Jar
 Cream, 2lb. Sausages.
 No. 3 contains: Hen Turkey, 1lb. Sausages,
 1 Plum Pudding, Brace Finest Pheasants.
 No. 4 contains: Goose about 10lb., 2lb. Plum
 Pudding, 1 Ox Tongue, 1 English Hare.

No. 7 contains: 8lb. Sirloin Beef, Hen Turkey,
1lb. Sausages, 1 Ox Tongue.

FOR TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS.

No. 1 contains: Turkey about 10lb., 8lb. Ham,
2lb. Plum Pudding, 1lb. Tea, 2lb. Sausages.

No. 2 contains: Turkey about 10lb., Goose
about 10lb., 2lb. Plum Pudding, 2lb. Sausages,
Brace Partridges.

No. 3 contains: Turkey about 10lb, 2lb.

No. 5 contains: Turkey about 10lb., 8lb. Sirloin Beef, Brace Finest Pheasants, 2lb. Plum Pudding, 1lb. Special Tea.

No. 5 contains: Goose about 10lb., 8lb. Sirloin Beef, Brace Finest Pheasants.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS.

No. 1 contains: Turkey about 10lb., 8lb. Sirloin Beef, Brace Pheasants, 1lb. Sausages, 2lb. Plum Pudding.

No. 4 contains: Goose about 10lb., 8lb. Sirloin Beef, Brace Partridges, 1 English Hare, Brace Widgeon, 1 Ox Tongue or 2lb. Plum Pudding.

FOR FORTY-TWO SHILLINGS.

No. 1 contains: Turkey about 10lb., 12lb. York Ham, 8lb. Sirloin Beef, 2lb. Sausages, Brace Pheasants, 1 English Hare.

WILLIAM BOWEN has already contracted for over 20,000 head of Xmas Poultry and Game, and his prices range as follows:—Turkeys, from 9d. per lb.; Geese, from 7½d. per lb.; Pheasants, 7s. per brace; Partridges, 5s. per brace; English Hares, 4s. 6d. each; Stilton Cheese, 1s. 2d. per lb.; finest quality Breakfast Ham, from 9d. per lb.; finest quality York Ham, from 1s. per lb. Full details

Price List free by post.
All orders must be received before the 21st, earlier if possible, as on account of the short supply prices towards the close of Xmas week are likely to rule high, as last year.
Poultry will be sent untrussed unless ordered otherwise.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Turkeys in trussing lose one-quarter in weight, viz., a 12-lb. Turkey

will only weigh 9-lbs. trussed. Geese lose in trussing nearly one-half in weight, viz. a 12-lb. Goose trussed will only be about 6lbs. in weight.

Terms: Cash with order, unless a weekly account has previously been opened. All goods not approved of will be changed or money refunded.

WILLIAM BOURN, Dist. M. 329 and

WILLIAM BOWMAN, Depts. M., W. & S.
281, Edgware-road, London, W.; and at
the following Metropolitan Railway Stations:
Baker-street No. 1 Platform, St. John's-
wood Line; **Farringdon-street**, G. N. and M. R.
Platform. Telegrams: "Anything, London."
Telephones: 9 Paddington, 4209 Holborn.

VARMOUTH Bloaters, Kippers, and ham-
moked Herring, all for 2s. 3d. per lb. Ed.

A cured herrings; see 10, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 85

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next $\frac{1}{2}$ page

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).

DAILY BARGAINS.

Advertisements for these columns are received at the rate of 12 words, 1s. 1d. per word afterwards, and they can be filled in on the form printed below.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

Dress.

A BARGAIN.—Twenty-five guineas model evening gown of champagne tulle chiffon over white Roman satin, with lovely jewel trimming and real French lace; average size; 25 gu. —Write 1774, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BEAUTIFUL lady's Irish cambric Handkerchief is sent free as an advertisement to every reader, along with illustrated list of bargains; latest collections of silk, handkerchiefs, Derry's 1800 Blouse, and other goods, 9d. per yard; send 2d. stamps for postage.—Derry Dale Strand, London, E.C. 2, 110, 35, Craven-street, London, E.C. 2.

A BEAUTIFUL Lady's Handkerchief free; postage penny; with illustrated list and samples.—British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London, W. 1.

A DELICIOUS little lace Coffee Coat and two crêpe de Chine Blouses (blue and primrose); smartly made; afternoon wear; good condition; 25s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A HANDSOME black ostrich feather Fan; real tortoiseshell handle; lovely chignon; trim open closed; 30s.—Write 1786, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

AFTERNOON Gown of black and white satin; 40 yards; trimmed fine black lace insertions; frills of mousseline; 15s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N ELEGANT lavender grey silk model Gown, semi-evening; 40 yards; trimmed beautiful French lace and passementerie; silk lined; 25s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N ELEGANT Theatre Coat of finest face cloth; putty colour, with white satin lining; Empire shape; lovely trimming; 45s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N EXCEEDINGLY smart Afternoon Toilette of pointed brown velvet; best quality; latest style; West End make; 45s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BABY'S complete outfit; 62 articles; 25s. 6d.; Empire style; daygowns, 12s. 6d.; rompers, flannels, petticoats, etc.—Eva, 89, Union-road, Clapham, S.W.

BARGAIN.—Marmot Wolf and Necktie, with tails; 10s. 6d.; worth 60s.; 6d. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN.—Seashell Jacket; latest seashell shape; double-breasted; with velvet collar; quite new; going abroad; 17s. 6d. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN.—Widow lady offers two-guinea Persian Blouse; 45s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN.—Silk Linen, 3d.; approval before payment.—Mrs. Talbot, 214, Upper Brook-street, Manchester.

BEAUTIFUL black lace Cape; hand-made; 30s.; approval.—Loseby, Market Hall, Fenn-brook.

BEAUTIFUL grey Astrakhan bolero Coat, with broad lace lining; small size; in good condition; 45s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Theatre Blouse of pale green chiffon over white silk; transparent yoke; very full hanging sleeves; with velvet collar; trimming; 35s. —Write 1792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL piece of real old Honiton Lace, 21yds. 6in. wide; 22s. 15s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAT.—Ls. braced dark blue cloth Cape; 45s. —Write 1897, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BOYS' Suits for sale; 4s. (aged six) and other clothes; 4s. —Write 462, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING claret-red frills Costume; long skirt; 40s. —Write 462, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING grey squirrel short sea Coat; suitable for morning; lined white satin; small size; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Costume of mouse-coloured velvet; rich lace collar; charming bodice; lovely motifs; most becoming for tall, slight lady; 6 guineas.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Evening Robe; net and guipure lace bodice; low neck; three-quarter sleeves; 25s. 6d.; worth 43s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING pink frills Costume, with silk blouse to match; bolero coat; lined and strapped with silk; long skirt; trimmed same; 21s. 42s. —Write 1897, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING white China silk semi-evening Gown; accented pleated, frills on skirt and fluke-shaped bodice and elbow sleeves; deep empire belt; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING white felt Hat; trimmed white chiffon and grey; 25s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Immense reductions;—silk, white Evening dresses, 10s. 6d.; 9s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; 6s. 6d.; 5s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 3s. 6d.; 2s. 6d.; 1s. 6d.; 1s. 3d.; 1s. 1d.; 1s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CYCING Costume of lawn cloth, safety skirt and belted coat; West End tailor; 18s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY black tucked silk Coat, wide sleeves and handsome collar, with white silk lining; 35s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY Dressing Gown of pale blue and white cashmere, with large round collar and lace frills; Japanese sleeves; lining to bodice part; 30s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DELICIOUS semi-evening Gown of cream point d'espérance ring net over pale yellow silk; accented pleated; frills; trimming; belted; blue and white; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAILY BARGAINS.

ELEGANT pink silk Evening Petticoat; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EVENING Robe; accented-pleated; Japanese silk; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXCEEDINGLY smart brown cloth Gown; trimmed and strapped glass silk and Oriental trimming; lined silk throughout; 42s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXCELLENT quality black Thibet Collarette (long emerald and Muff); lined black satin; 25s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE pale blue crêpe de Chine model Empire Tea Gown, thick Irish lace Zezoue; elbow frilled sleeves; suit tall, slim figure; cost 9 guineas; accept 45s.—Write 1772, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE silk Maltese lace Collar and cuffs; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FANCY Dress; Ophelia ivory silk; beautifully made; almost new; average size; 42s. —Write 1767, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FANCY dress Costume of Japanese Geisha; silk material; beautifully made; 18s. —Write 1791, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE red box-cloth; braided; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FINE quality black broadtail Russian Coat; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FOR sale, three-quarter seashell Jacket; semi-fitting; medium figure; excellent condition; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FRENCH model of cinnamon brown crêpe de Chine over glass silk; skirt trimmed with guipure; charming bodice; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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DAILY BARGAINS.

LOVELY white velvet Opera Cloak; lined with black silk; handsome silk Maltese lace collar, edged chiffon frill; 65s. 10s.; quite fresh.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAGNIFICENT red for Set; heads, tails; cost 110s. 10s.; sell 45s.; thick navy Overcoat, natural mackin collar and cuffs; boy 14 years; 25s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MOURNING.—Lady would like to dispose of certain silk Toilette, eau de Nil Evening Gown, and navy blue Undercoste; small size; very reasonable.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MOURNING.—Lady wishes to dispose of some stylish Hats, and two smart Visiting Costumes; waist 22, skirt 40; low prices.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NAVY cloth tailor-made "trottoir" Costume; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NEARLY new purple frills Outdoor Costume; long skirt, Russian coat silk lined, 25s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NEWMARKET Coat and Skirt; very stylish; brown cloth; West End maker; brown velvet collar; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NEW mauve and white brocade belt French corsets, straight-fronted; cost 2 guineas; accept 15s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

OLIVE Evening Coat; 53in.; cost 84s.; perfect condition; 25s.—Trist, 122, Black-head.

OUTDOOR tailor-made Costume of black cloth, double-breasted, coated black silk with velvet collar, long skirt-shaped blouse; 25s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARIS Demi-Toilette of black silk muslin over pink plaid; set pajamas sprinkled all over; black lace frills, etc.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARIS model Gown of mulberry face cloth, trimmed black; silk lined; very smart; to match with silk and silk bodice; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARIS model Evening Gown of cream cloth, trimmed with silk and silk bodice; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new Tussore silk Gown; beautifully embroidered in white silk; red silk cuffs and trimmings (muff); 22s. 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY light grey Walking Costume, trimmed grey and black silk and black and white; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

REAL cable Sto's and Muff; cost 45s.; sell 25s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RUSSIAN Bear Skin, rich, dark, and full; 27s. 6d.; worth 45s.; rich red smoked Fox long Skirt; 22s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART box-cloth driving Coat; semi-fitting; large cape collar; 21s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Cheviot tweed (dark) Costume; short skirt, well gored and stitched; belted coat; lined black cloth; 35s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART dark red shibbole Costume with red velvet collar and cuffs; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy blue serge bolero Coat and Skirt; (trottoir) belted; 25s. 20s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART pale blue frills bolero Coat and skirt; former lined silk; handsome open trimming and applique; 20s. 35s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART nut-brown semi-fitting Coat and plain well-gored Skirt; piped seams; good make; silk lined; 44s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Skirts for smart people; strictly tailor-made; price 6s. 6d.; made to measure only; all style and best work; lovely patterns from—Rawling, Reford, Notts.

SMART tailor-made grey-blue Outdoor Costume; coated with dainty waistcoat black silk; waist 21, skirt 45; 45s. 12s. 6d.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SOCIETY ladies' lovely Gowns; extraordinarily cheap—Dress Agency, 21, Montpelier-street, Knightsbridge.

STYLISH cream cloth Costume; lined silk; trimmed black; latest fashion; bolero coat; short skirt; 24s. 32s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAILY BARGAINS.

STYLISH biscuit face cloth visiting Gown; long black skirt; new silk embroidery applique with touches emerald green velvet; silk lined; 20s. 43s. —Write 1775, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH Harris tweed sea Coat and Skirt; 15s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH cigar brown Visiting Toilette, made in France; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH dark grey winter Coat, semi-evening; large collar and revers of chinilla, well lined; 45s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH grey snow-fake Outdoor Costume for 3 short, slight lady; short skirt; little black silk brand motif; 42s. 41s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH royal blue hopack "trottoir" Costume; belted coat and pleated skirt; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

THE Sloane Dress Agency, 166, Sloane-street, B. Bargains of all kinds; smart gowns, etc., purchased.

THEATRE Blouse, in perfect condition, Russian coat, three pieces, accented-pleated trimmings; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO white ostrich Feathers; 3yd. long; perfect; never been touched; 12s. 6d. each. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

UNDERLINEN.—10s. 6d. parcel; three chemises, three knickers, two petticoats, three nightgowns; 10s. 6d.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL Afternoon Gown of bottle green cloth; long skirt, fashionably made and trimmed with silk and silk bodice ornamented; 22s. 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL House-Gown; fine black cashmere, with silk neck and French jet trimmings; 40s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL winter Costume of grey silky shibbole; strapped silk; steel buttons; Russian coat with caps, trimmed with silk and silk bodice ornamented; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY smart grey-blue frills Gown; trimmed Oriental gown; cream lace motifs inset; lined black cloth; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WARM, useful winter Coat of dark grey tweed; belted at back; red cloth facings and cuffs; 25s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WINTER Coat; thick black cloth; semi-evening; beautifully braided; 30s.—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG gentleman, aged eighteen, going abroad; complete outfit for sale; all good; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

3 DAINTY smart Caps for elderly lady; made in lace and silk black ribbon; 7s. 6d. the three. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

12 GUINEA royal blue face cloth Gown; West End make; scarcely worn; 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY desires purchaser for two light Evening Blouses; all beautifully made, and silk lined; 35s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, fancy dresses, girl eight, boy five, girl four; cheap and clean.—Write 464, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

A BARGAIN.—Damask table linen; three satin damask table cloths, 21 yards long; 2 serviettes; 25s. 45s. —Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ABBY'S swinging Coat; Madras muslin over B. 24s. 6d.; new.—Mater, 144, Adelaide-road, Brighton.